WESTERN ACTION AND THRILLS!

TWO-GUN KID

OCT.
NO. 4

10¢
K

WANTED! DEAD OR ALIVE! THE TWO-GUN KID, KILLER!

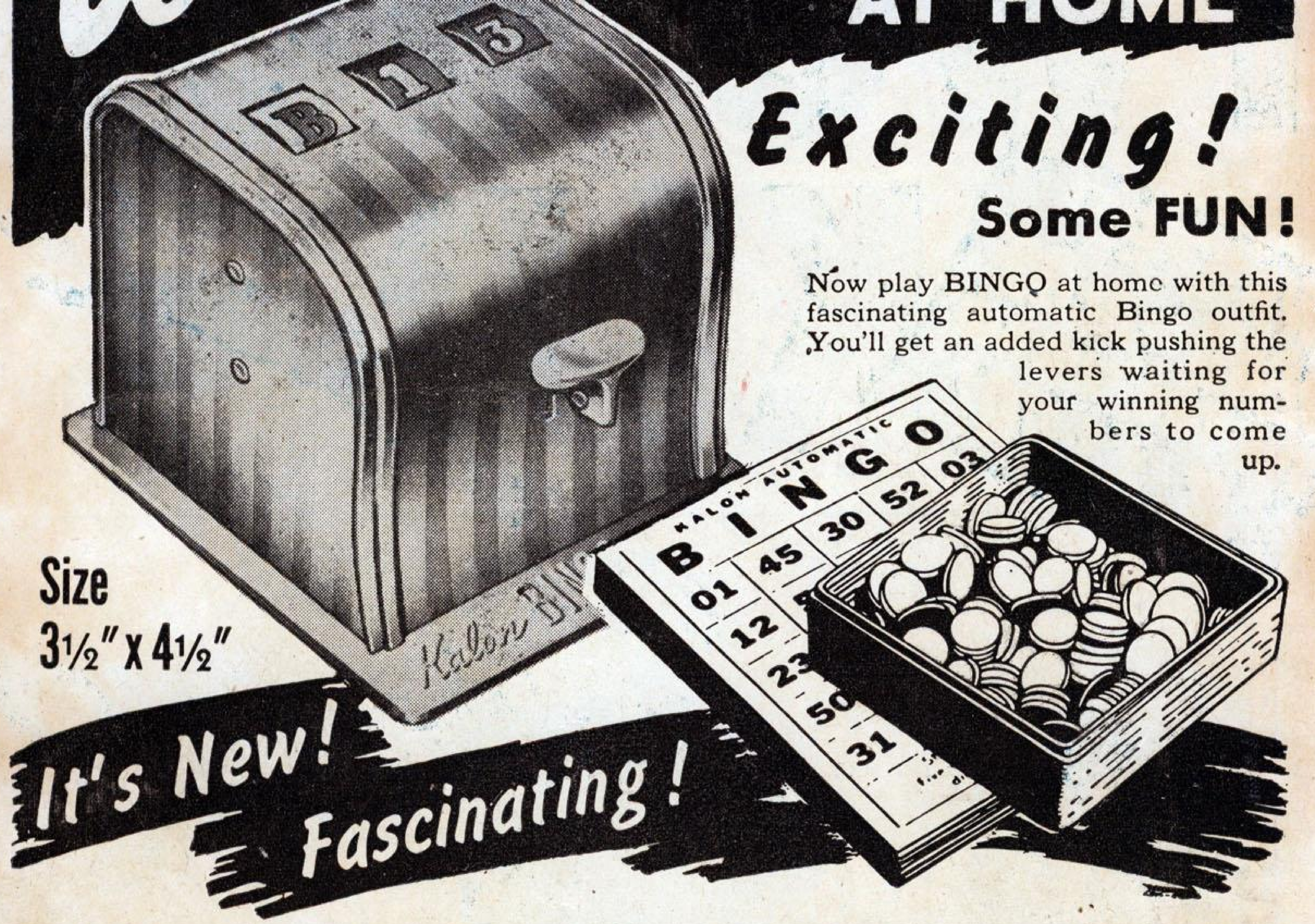
Win! Play BINGO AT HOME

Exciting!

Some FUN!

Now play BINGO at home with this fascinating automatic Bingo outfit. You'll get an added kick pushing the levers waiting for your winning numbers to come up.

Size
3½" x 4½"



BINGO is a new, attractive way of playing this fascinating game at home or at parties. Many can play at the same time. All will be held in suspense waiting for the matching number on their cards to come up when the plunger is pushed.

Made of nickel-plated polished pressed steel with attractive stripes of dull satin finish. Numbers and letters on dials are large and attractively colored.

Furnished complete with master chart, good supply of BINGO cards and fibre markers . . . sufficient for 15 players. BINGO furnished complete, ready to play, for only $2.98. Pay postman price plus postage or send $3.00 now and we pay postage.

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Guaranteed

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Send complete "BINGO" outfit by return mail. It is understood if I am not delighted after 5 days, I may return for full refund of purchase price.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay $2.98 plus postage.
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☐ Send 2 complete outfits, special price $5.50 plus postage.

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SEND NO MONEY!
RUSH COUPON!

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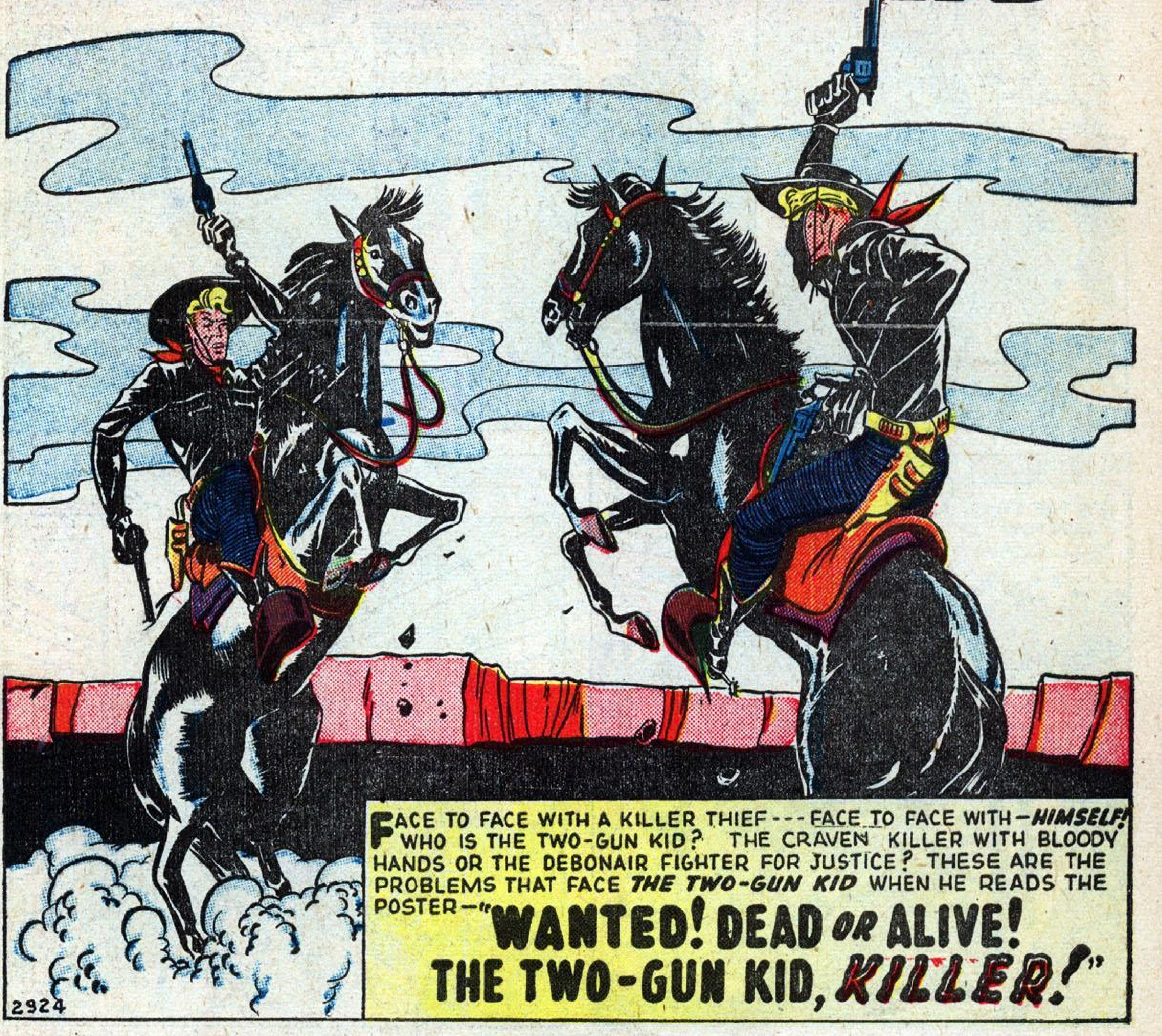
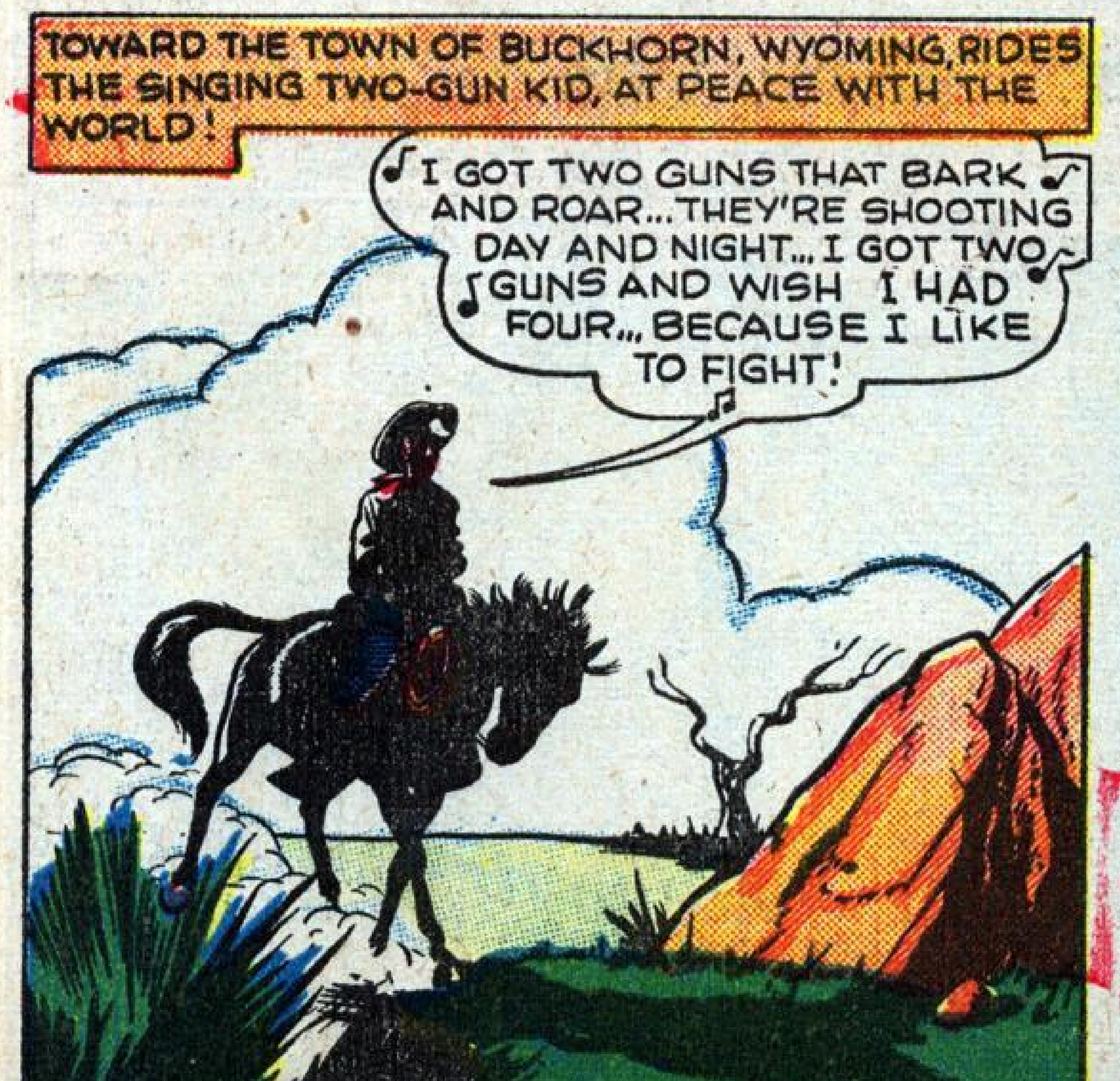
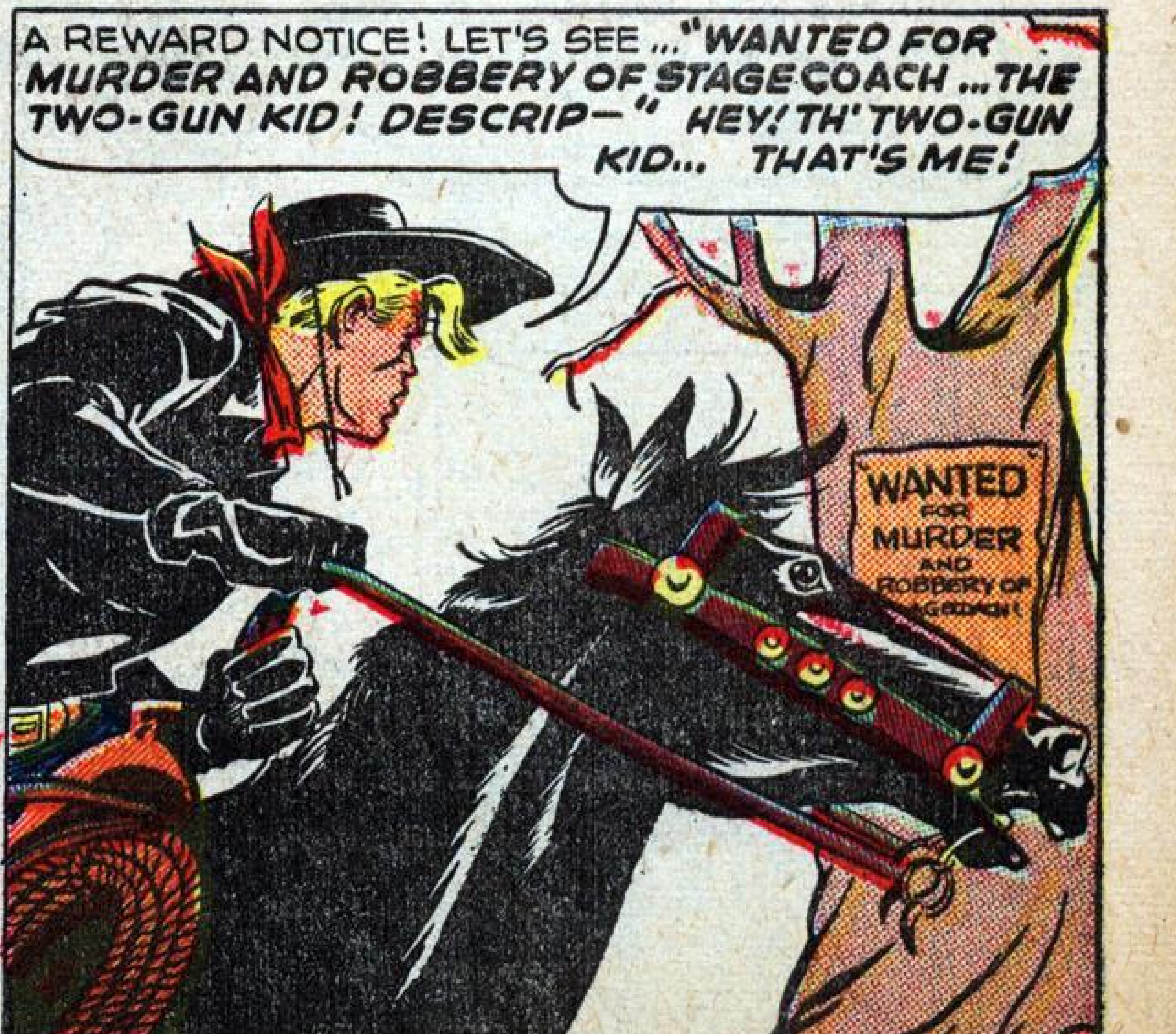
THE TWO-GUN KID


FACE TO FACE WITH A KILLER THIEF --- FACE TO FACE WITH—HIMSELF! WHO IS THE TWO-GUN KID? THE CRAVEN KILLER WITH BLOODY HANDS OR THE DEBONAIR FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE? THESE ARE THE PROBLEMS THAT FACE THE TWO-GUN KID WHEN HE READS THE POSTER—"WANTED! DEAD OR ALIVE! THE TWO-GUN KID, KILLER!"
2924


TOWARD THE TOWN OF BUCKHORN, WYOMING, RIDES THE SINGING TWO-GUN KID, AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD!
I GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ROAR... THEY'RE SHOOTING DAY AND NIGHT... I GOT TWO GUNS AND WISH I HAD FOUR... BECAUSE I LIKE TO FIGHT!

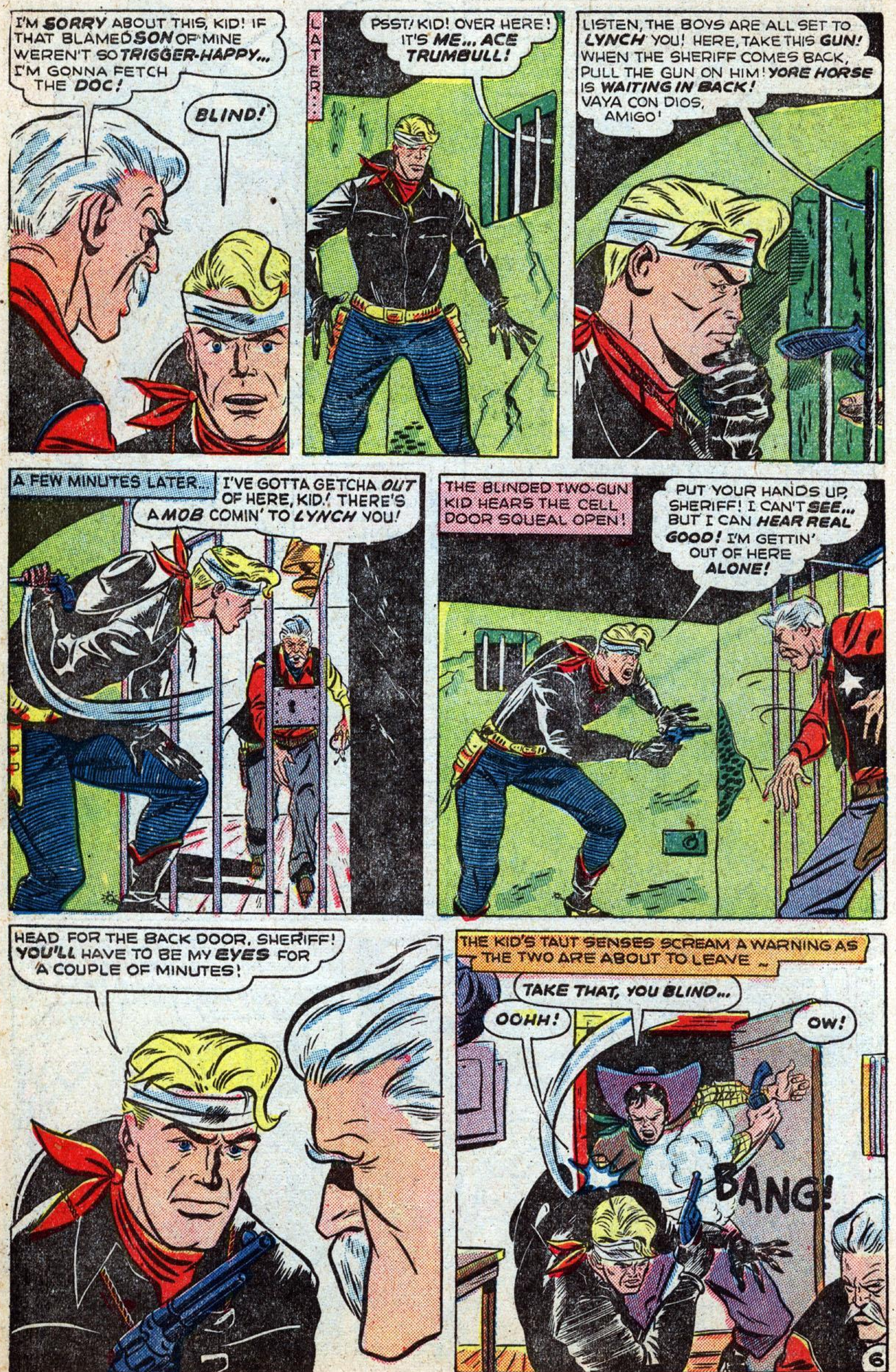

A REWARD NOTICE! LET'S SEE ... "WANTED FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY OF STAGECOACH ... THE TWO-GUN KID! DESCRIP—" HEY! TH' TWO-GUN KID... THAT'S ME!
WANTED FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY OF STAGECOACH!
1

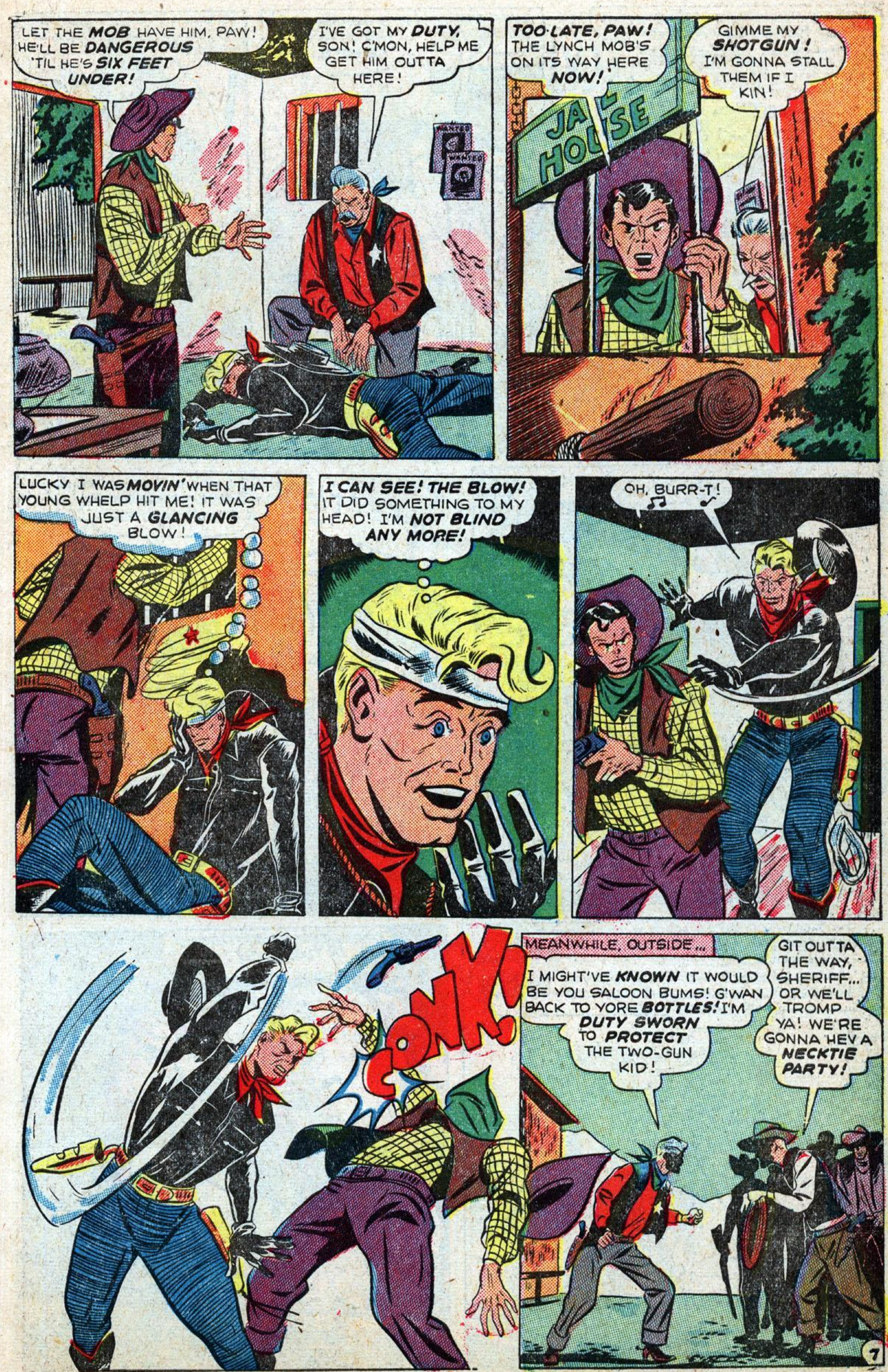
I'VE GOTTA SEE THE SHERIFF PRONTO AND CLEAR THIS THING UP!
A WORD WITH YOU A MINUTE, FRIEND! I'M ACE TRUMBULL!
MAKE IT BRIEF, PODNER! I'M IN A HURRY!
SHERI
OFFIC
I WOULDN'T GO IN THERE, KID! THE STAGE WAS HELD UP AND THE DRIVER KILLED... LESS THAN TWO HOURS AGO! EVERYONE ON THIS RANGE KNOWS YOUR DESCRIPTION AND WILL SHOOT YOU ON SIGHT!
SUDDENLY...
IT'S THE TWO-GUN KID!
THAT WAS SOUND ADVICE, PODNER! THANKS!
BANG!
IN HERE, CYCLONE! THEY'LL FIGURE I HIT FOR OPEN RANGE!
NOW FOR A LITTLE PALAVER WITH THE SHERIFF TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
CAFE
MINUTES LATER, AT THE REAR OF THE JAIL...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTA YA, SON! YOU'VE BEEN ACTIN' PLUMB LOCO LATELY!
LEAVE ME ALONE, PAW! ALL I WANTA DO, IS GET MY HANDS ON THAT TWO-GUN KID HOMBRE!

SORRY, I CAN'T OBLIGE YOU, SUH! MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME! RIGHT NOW I WANT TO KNOW WHAT THIS REWARD NOTICE MEANS!
IT MEANS WHAT IT SAYS!
THE TWO-GUN KID!
A MASKED MAN ANSWERIN' YORE DESCRIPTION EXACTLY HELD UP THREE STAGES AND SHOT A DRIVER AND GUARD! THERE AIN'T ANOTHER MAN ON THIS RANGE THAT DRESSES LIKE YOU, OR RIDES A BLACK HORSE LIKE YOURS!
MASKED, HUH? I RECKON YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME IF I SAID IT WASN'T ME!
NO, KID! RECKON I WOULDN'T!
THEN I'LL HAVE TO BRING THE REAL CULPRIT IN, TO CONVINCE YOU! I'LL BE BACK, SHERIFF! ADIOS!
I'LL GET YOU, YOU MURDERIN'... OW!
SORRY, BURT! CLUMSY OF ME!
HM? THAT GAMBLING GENT SEEMS TO POP UP AT JUST THE RIGHT TIME!
JAIL
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
BANG!
WONDER WHY THAT KID OF THE SHERIFF'S IS SO BENT ON LIFTING MY SCALP! BUT I'LL GET AROUND TO THAT LATER! RIGHT NOW, I'VE GOTTA GET TO THE STAGE ROAD!
LATER...
HERE COMES THE AFTERNOON STAGE NOW! I WONDER IF THAT MASQUERADING HOMBRE WILL TRY ANOTHER HOLDUP!

AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE KID'S THOUGHT...
PULL UP...THIS IS A STICK-UP!
DON'T MOVE, PODNER, TILL I'M LONG GONE! OR YOU'LL GET WHAT THE OTHERS DID!
DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS PLUNGES THE TWO-GUN KID, ON THE TRAIL OF THE MASQUERADING KILLER...
THAT GUY LOOKS MORE LIKE ME THAN I DO!
THE TWO-GUN KID CUTS THE OUTLAW'S SIGN!
THESE TRACKS ARE DOUBLING BACK TOWARD TOWN!
SUDDENLY...
UP WITH YORE HANDS! WE GOTCHA COVERED!
BLAST HIM WHILE YA GOT TH' CHANCE, PAW!
C'MON, CYCLONE! DO YOUR STUFF!
HE'S GONNA JUMP DEADMAN'S CANYON! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, CYCLONE SOARS OVER THE GAPING VOID!
MADE IT! NICE GOIN', OLD HOSS!
4

AS THE REST OF THE POSSE WATCHES, SPELLBOUND WITH ADMIRATION, BURT ACTS ...
I'LL GET HIM! THE MURDERIN'...
BANG!
OOWW!
MOMENTS LATER...
I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM!
IT'S ONLY A SCALP WOUND, YOU BLOOD-THIRSTY YOUNG UN! PACK HIM UP, MEN, AN' WE'LL BRING HIM IN!
HOURS LATER, IN THE TOWN'S JAIL...
OH, MY HEAD! WHERE AM I?
YA FINALLY COME TO, HEY?
SHERIFF... IS THAT YOU? WHY DON'T YOU TURN ON THE LIGHT? IT'S DARK IN HERE!
WHY, IT'S NOT DARK HERE... I'M TAKIN' A LOOK AT YOU! DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS!
THAT SLUG MUSTA HIT SOME NERVE OR SOMETHIN', KID! YOU'RE BLIND AS A BAT!
BLIND? NOT... NOT BLIND!


I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS, KID! IF THAT BLAMED SON OF MINE WEREN'T SO TRIGGER-HAPPY... I'M GONNA FETCH THE DOC!
BLIND!
LATER...
PSST! KID! OVER HERE! IT'S ME... ACE TRUMBULL!
LISTEN, THE BOYS ARE ALL SET TO LYNCH YOU! HERE, TAKE THIS GUN! WHEN THE SHERIFF COMES BACK, PULL THE GUN ON HIM! YORE HORSE IS WAITING IN BACK! VAYA CON DIOS, AMIGO!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I'VE GOTTA GETCHA OUT OF HERE, KID! THERE'S A MOB COMIN' TO LYNCH YOU!
THE BLINDED TWO-GUN KID HEARS THE CELL DOOR SQUEAL OPEN!
PUT YOUR HANDS UP, SHERIFF! I CAN'T SEE... BUT I CAN HEAR REAL GOOD! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE ALONE!
HEAD FOR THE BACK DOOR, SHERIFF! YOU'LL HAVE TO BE MY EYES FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
THE KID'S TAUT SENSES SCREAM A WARNING AS THE TWO ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE...
TAKE THAT, YOU BLIND...
OOHH!
OW!
BANG!

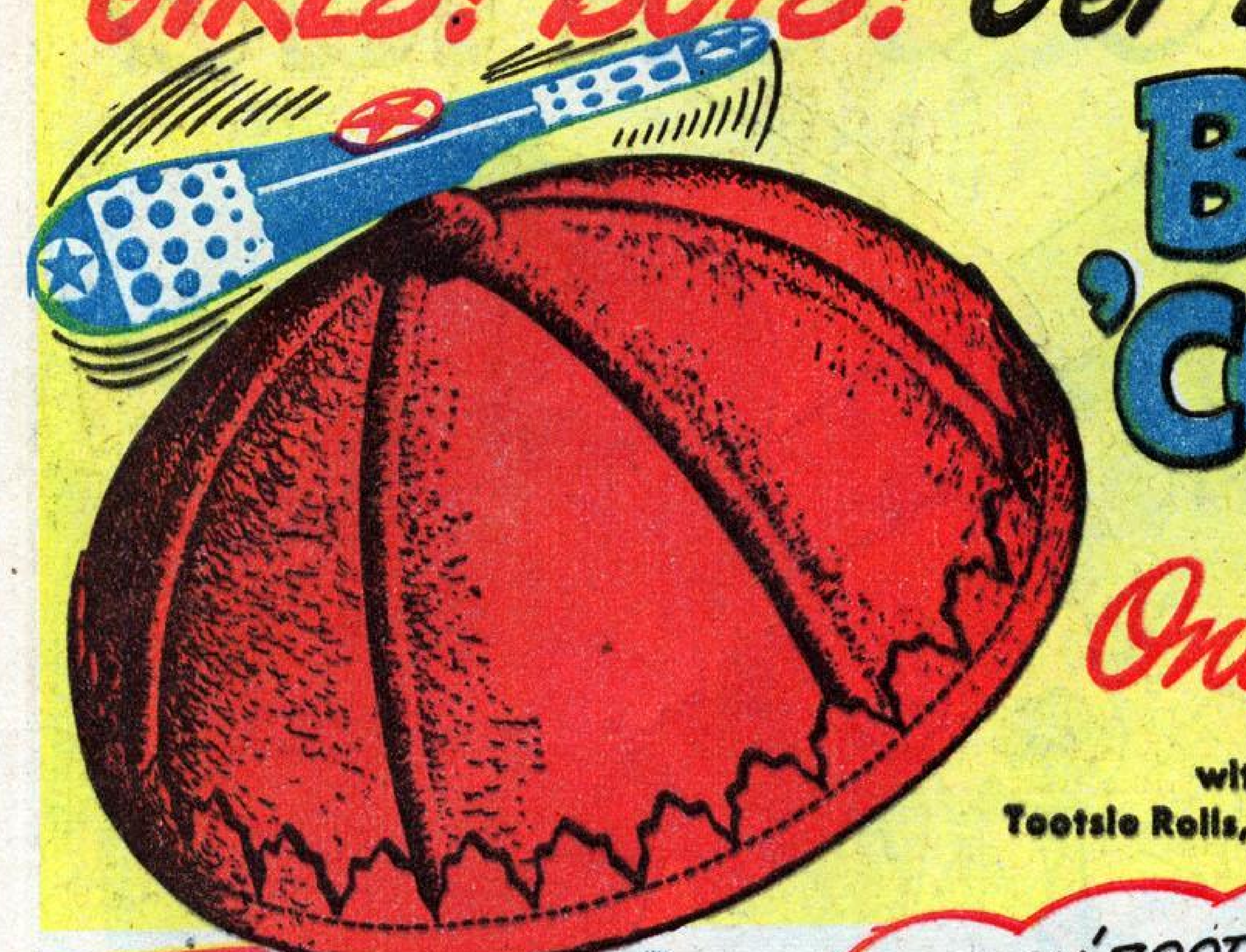

LET THE MOB HAVE HIM, PAW! HE'LL BE DANGEROUS 'TIL HE'S SIX FEET UNDER!
I'VE GOT MY DUTY, SON! C'MON, HELP ME GET HIM OUTTA HERE!
WANTED
WANTED
TOO-LATE, PAW! THE LYNCH MOB'S ON ITS WAY HERE NOW!
GIMME MY SHOTGUN! I'M GONNA STALL THEM IF I KIN!
JAIL HOUSE
LUCKY I WAS MOVIN' WHEN THAT YOUNG WHELP HIT ME! IT WAS JUST A GLANCING BLOW!
I CAN SEE! THE BLOW! IT DID SOMETHING TO MY HEAD! I'M NOT BLIND ANY MORE!
OH, BURR-T! ♪ ♪
CONK!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
I MIGHT'VE KNOWN IT WOULD BE YOU SALOON BUMS! G'WAN BACK TO YORE BOTTLES! I'M DUTY SWORN TO PROTECT THE TWO-GUN KID!
GIT OUTTA THE WAY, SHERIFF... OR WE'LL TROMP YA! WE'RE GONNA HEV A NECKTIE PARTY!

LET'S GO, FELLERS... LET'S STRING UP THE SHERIFF, TOO!
WHACK!
STEP RIGHT IN, GENTS!
IT'S HIM! BLAST THE MANGY COYOTE!
SMACK!
WHAM!
WHEEEET!!
I'M MAKIN' TRACKS WHILE THOSE HOMBRES ARE STILL CONFUSED!
THE TWO-GUN KID PICKS UP THE TRAIL OF THE MYSTERIOUS BANDIT...
THE TRACKS VANISH HERE! HE MUST'VE TAKEN TO THE ROCKS! I'LL FOLLOW THIS PATH TO THE CAVE UP THERE!
LOOK, CYCLONE! TRACKS IN THE DUST!

THIS IS IT! THE HIDEOUT! LOOK... A HORSE LIKE CYCLONE, AND CLOTHES LIKE MINE!
HERE'S THE HOMBRE'S TRACKS AND THEY DO TELL A STORY!
LET'S GO, CYCLONE! NOW I KNOW WHO THE MURDERIN' HOMBRE IS THAT'S BEEN BLACKENING MY REPUTATION!
"TO BUCKHORN, BY BACK ALLEYS, RIDES THE KID, GRIMLY BENT ON VENGEANCE FOR THE KILLER'S MASQUERADE!
AT THIS HOUR, MOST EVERYONE WILL BE AT THE TOWN BAR FOR THEIR AFTER-SUPPER DRINK!
AND AT THE TOWN BAR...
I'M LIKE THE BAD PENNY, PODNERS... WAIT! KEEP YOUR HANDS AWAY FROM YOUR HOLSTERS!
TOO BAD YOU CAME BACK, KID! YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE AGAIN!
YOU'RE RIGHT, ACE!
WAIT! SHERIFF, I'VE COME BACK TO CLEAR MYSELF! I KNOW WHO THE REAL BANDIT IS!
I FOUND THE BANDIT'S HIDEOUT, ALSO SOME TRACKS IN THE DUST, MADE BY SHOES... SHOES, SHERIFF! NOT BOOTS! NOW WHO WEARS SHOES IN BUCKHORN ... A COW TOWN, SHERIFF?

ACE TRUMBULL! YOU!
VERY SMART, KID, BUT I HOLD TH' WINNING HAND... A PAIR OF SIXES!
I'M DEALING MYSELF IN, ACE!
YOU FOOL! THE MAN DOESN'T LIVE THAT CAN GET ME WHEN I'VE GOT MY GUNS CLEAR!
BANG!
ARG-G!
BANG! BANG!
I GOT HIM, PAW!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE BANDIT, BURT--THE WAY YOU TRIED TO KILL THE KID AND ...
I DID AT FIRST, TOO! BUT THEN I REASONED THAT WITH ME DEAD, THE BANDIT COULDN'T GO ON ROBBIN' AND KILLIN' IN MY NAME! AND THAT THOUGHT ELIMINATED BURT AND LED ME TO ACE! HE WAS JUST TOO HELPFUL TRYIN' TO SAVE MY SKIN!
BURT, HERE, WAS JUST KILLIN' MAD BECAUSE THE TOWNFOLKS WERE RIDICULING HIS DAD FOR NOT CATCHING THE BANDIT!
THAT'S. RIGHT, PAW!
KID, THANK YA... FER EVERYTHING! WE- WE'LL NEVER FERGIT YA!
ONWARD RIDES THE TWO-GUN KID, TOWARD ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER ADVENTURE ON WESTERN TRAILS ...
I GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ROAR
THEY'RE SHOOTING DAY AND NIGHT...
I GOT TWO GUNS AND WISH I HAD FOUR
BECAUSE I LIKE TO FIGHT!
THE END

GIRLS!-BOYS! Get This New BEANIE 'COPTER



Only 25¢

with any wrapper from Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pops

KEEN FOR BIKE RIDING!
MORE FUN SKATING!
CLASS WITH A PUSHMOBILE!
2

HOOTIN' ZOOTS! HERE'S A REAL GENUINE BEANIE MOUNTED WITH A 5-INCH HELICOPTER BLADE. SEE IT SPIN LIKE A CYCLONE WHEN YOU WALK OR RUN!

You'll whir with real live action, fellows and girls, when you wear this keen-looking new Tootsie BEANIE 'COPTER. You get a gay colored beanie, pressed into six sections, sharply scalloped around the edge and stitched. Top of the crown has a real metal sleeve-bearing mechanism on which is mounted a 5-inch helicopter blade. This blade comes in bright, flashing color designs.

It's a knockout! You can get as many beanies as you want. For each one send only 25 cents and any size wrapper from **Tootsie Rolls, Tootsie Fudge,** or **Tootsie Pops.** Rush coupon today. You'll be glad you did.

IT'S NEW! YOU'LL MISS LOTS OF FUN IF YOU DON'T HAVE A REAL TOOTSIE BEANIE 'COPTER! SEND TODAY
T

Tootsie POP
Toots
Tootsie Roll
2¢ Tootsie Fudge

TOOTSIE ROLLS
Box 331, New York 8, N. Y.

You bet I want to be *first* in my neighborhood to sport a new Tootsie BEANIE-'COPTER. For each one I enclose 25¢ (in coin) and a wrapper from Tootsie Roll, Tootsie Fudge, or Tootsie Pop.

My Name..
(Please Print Plainly)

My Address..

City...................................Zone.........State...............

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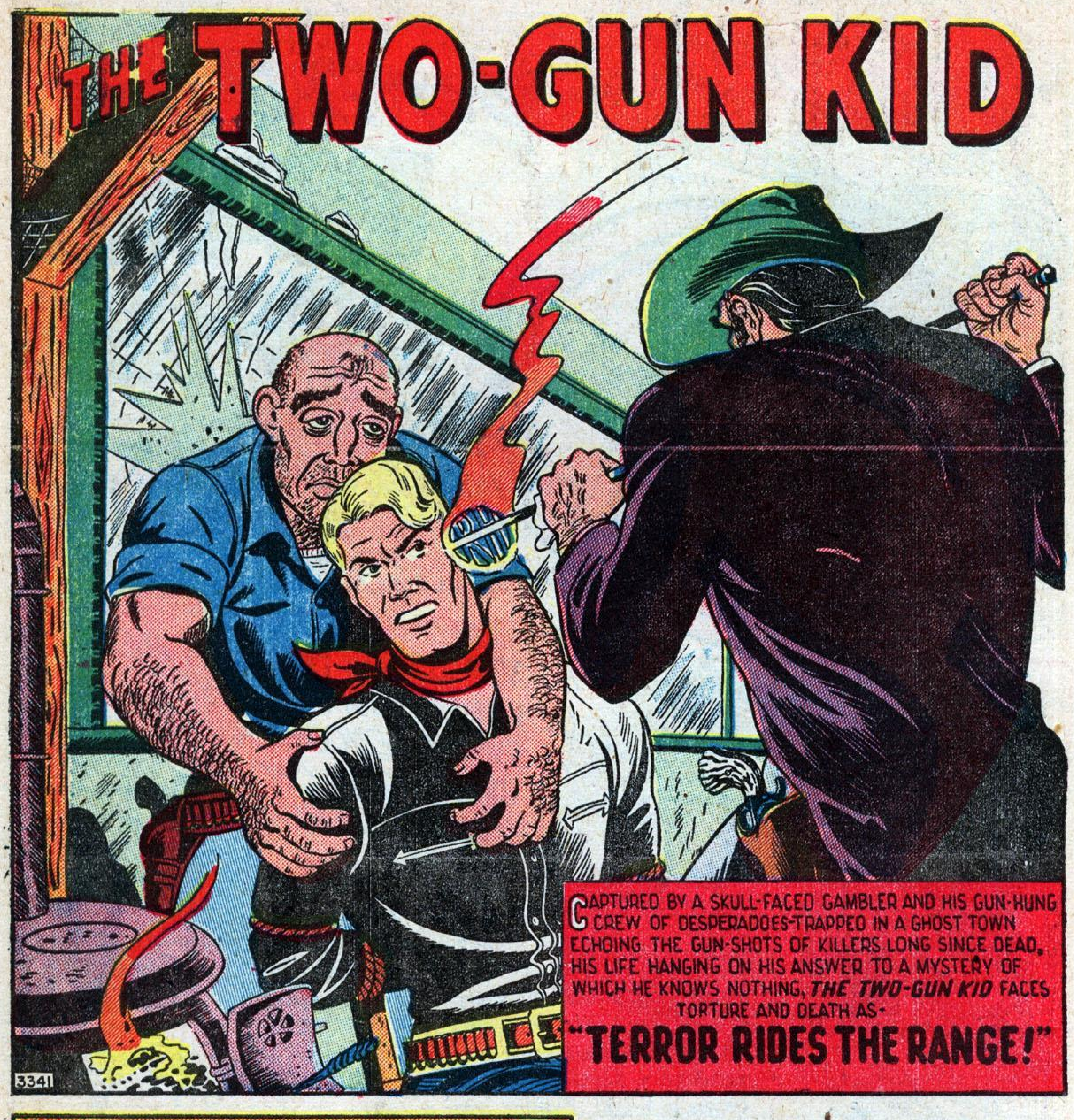
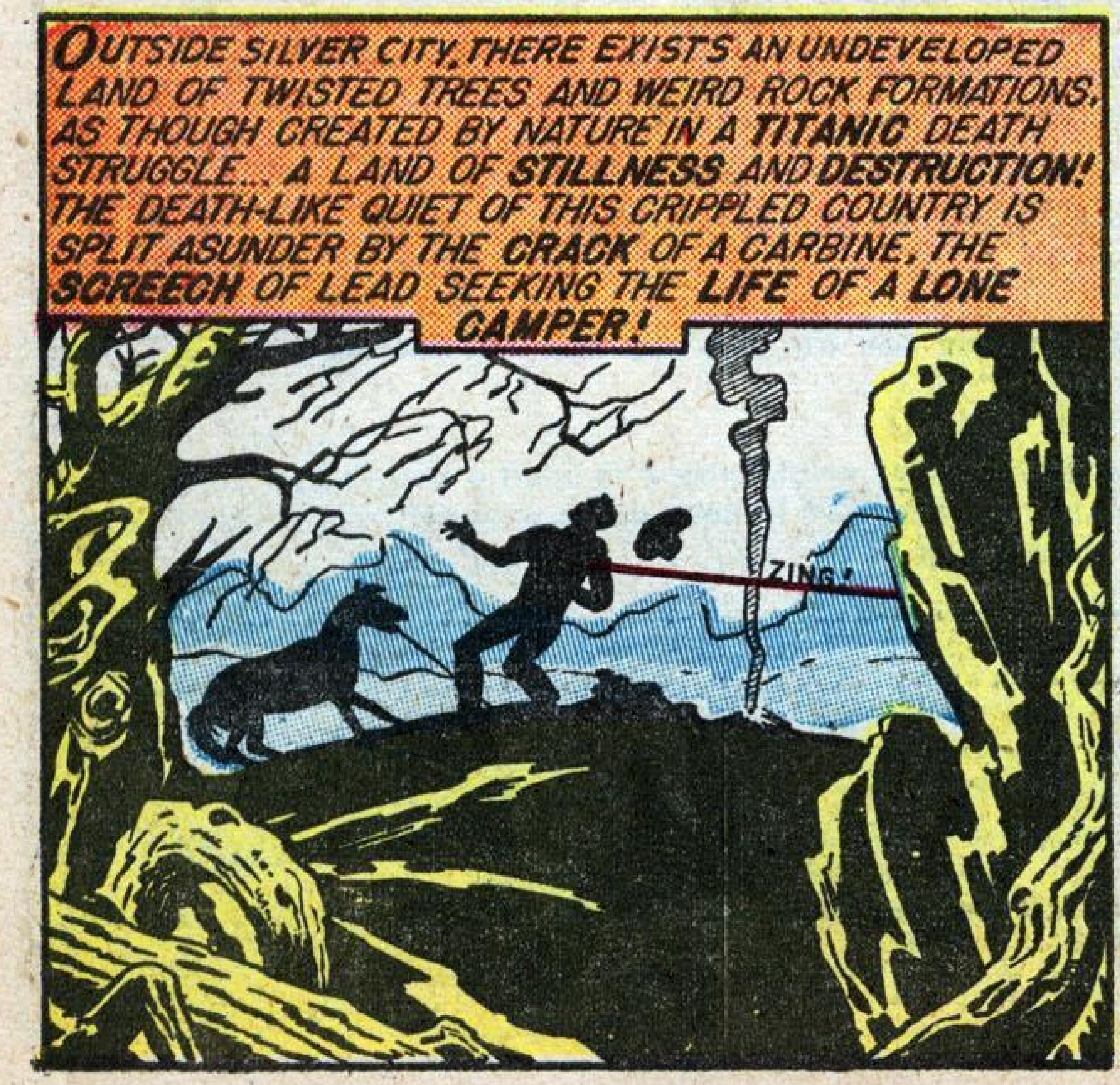
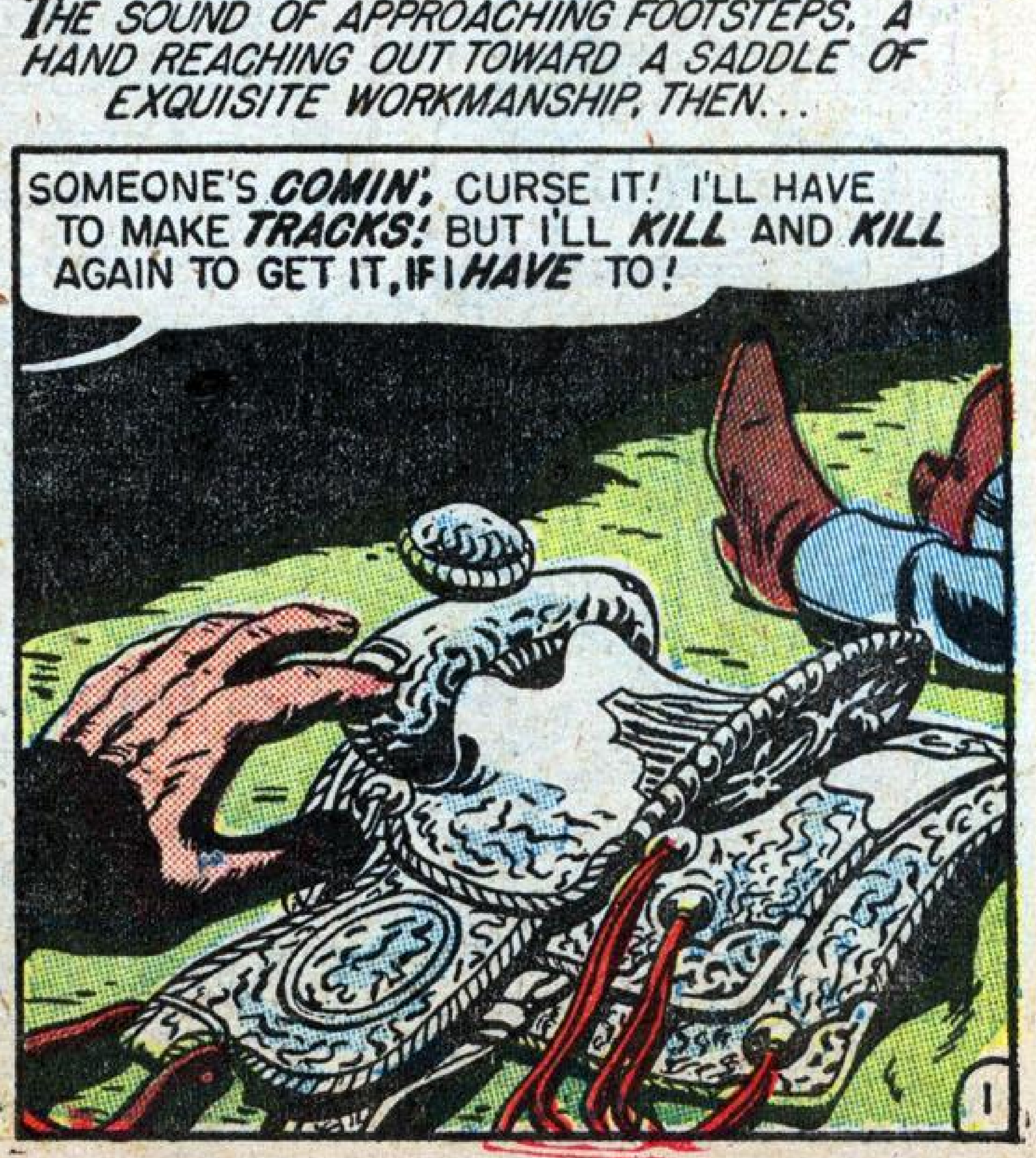
THE TWO-GUN KID

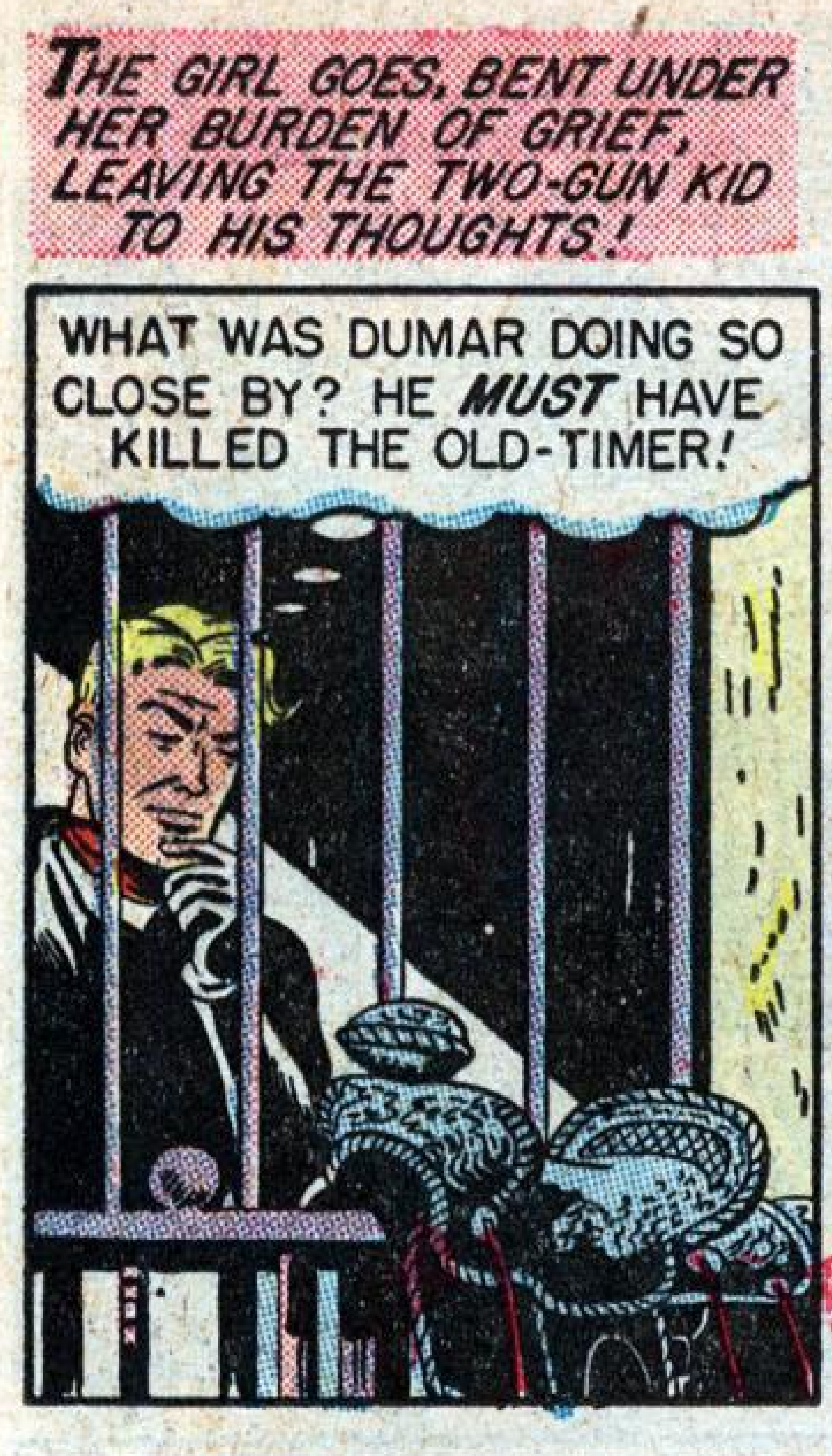

CAPTURED BY A SKULL-FACED GAMBLER AND HIS GUN-HUNG CREW OF DESPERADOES-TRAPPED IN A GHOST TOWN ECHOING THE GUN-SHOTS OF KILLERS LONG SINCE DEAD, HIS LIFE HANGING ON HIS ANSWER TO A MYSTERY OF WHICH HE KNOWS NOTHING, ***THE TWO-GUN KID*** FACES TORTURE AND DEATH AS-
"TERROR RIDES THE RANGE!"
3341

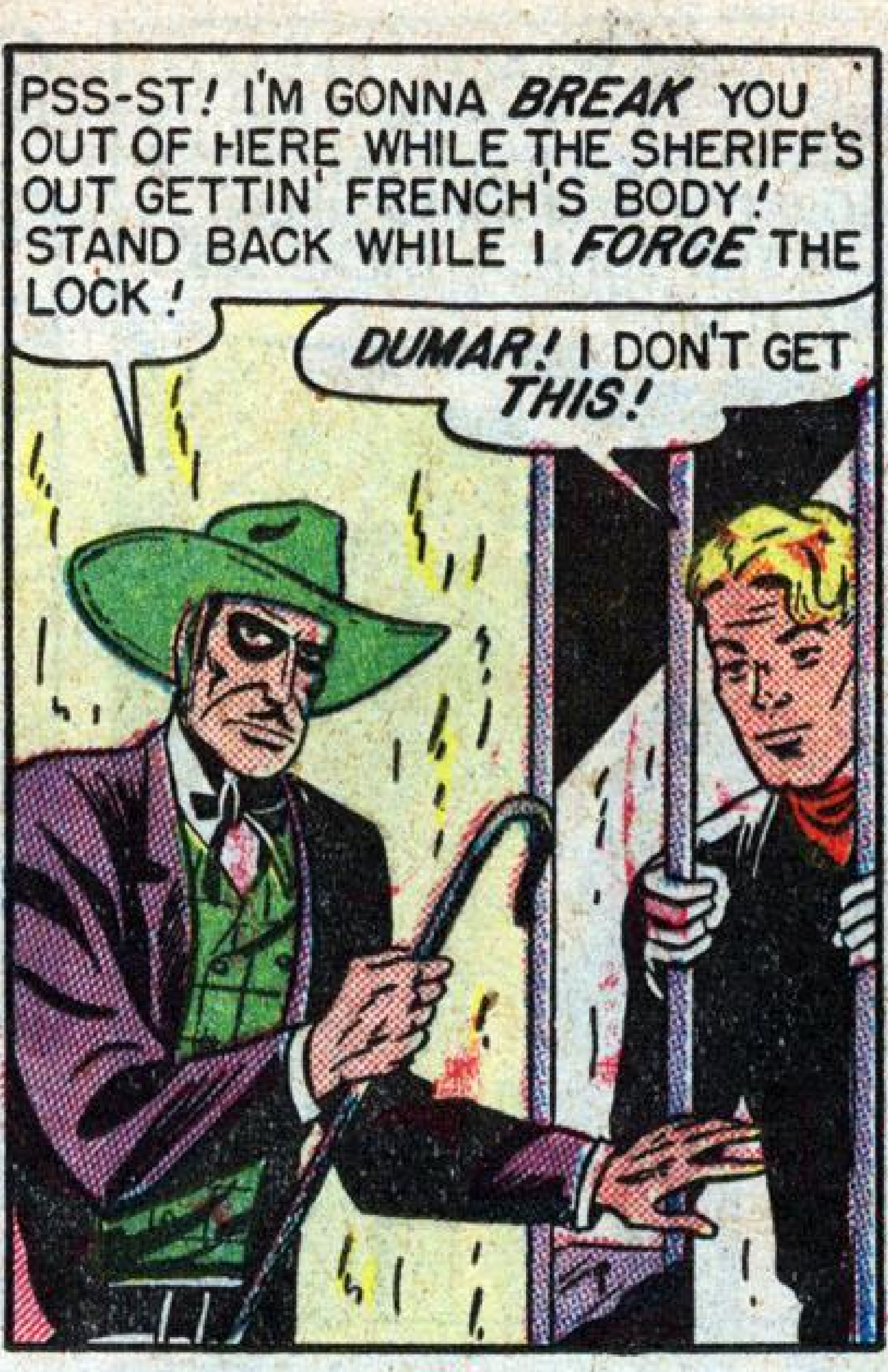

OUTSIDE SILVER CITY, THERE EXISTS AN UNDEVELOPED LAND OF TWISTED TREES AND WEIRD ROCK FORMATIONS, AS THOUGH CREATED BY NATURE IN A **TITANIC** DEATH STRUGGLE... A LAND OF **STILLNESS** AND **DESTRUCTION!** THE DEATH-LIKE QUIET OF THIS CRIPPLED COUNTRY IS SPLIT ASUNDER BY THE **CRACK** OF A CARBINE, THE **SCREECH** OF LEAD SEEKING THE **LIFE** OF A **LONE CAMPER!**
ZING!

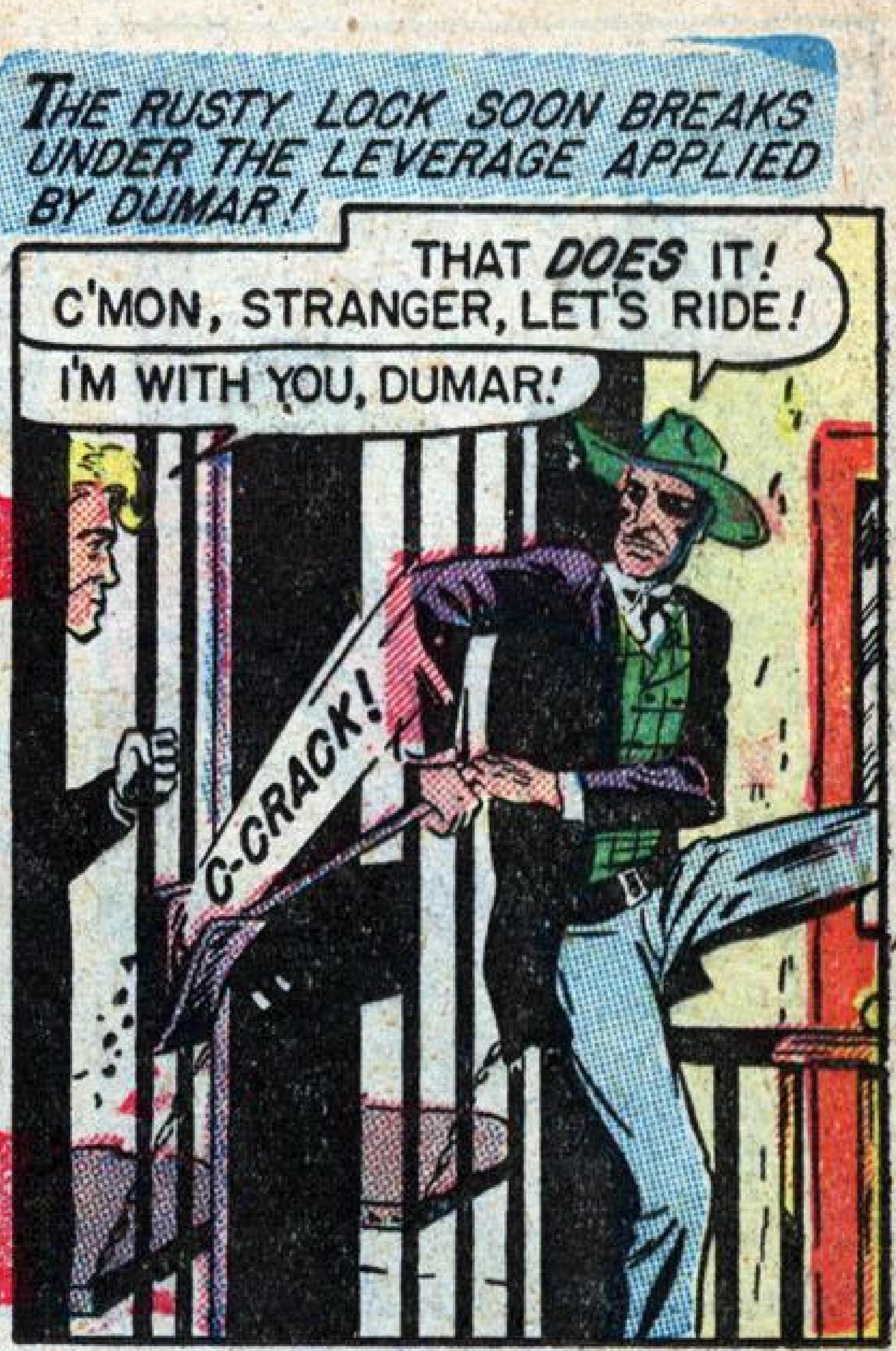

THE SOUND OF APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, A HAND REACHING OUT TOWARD A SADDLE OF EXQUISITE WORKMANSHIP, THEN...
SOMEONE'S ***COMIN'***, CURSE IT! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE ***TRACKS!*** BUT I'LL ***KILL*** AND ***KILL*** AGAIN TO GET IT, IF I ***HAVE*** TO!

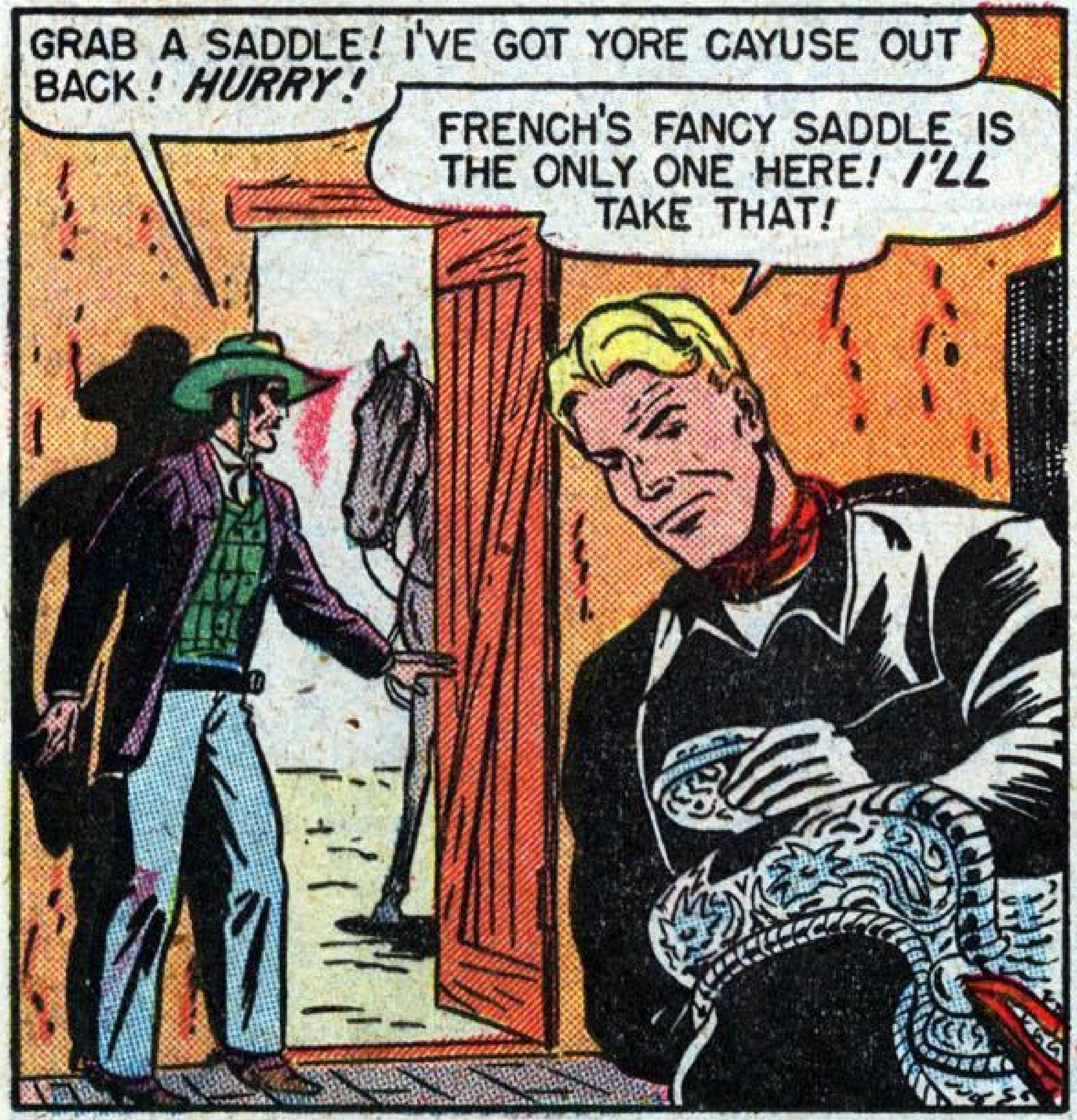
A POWERFUL BLACK STALLION MOVES SWIFTLY INTO VIEW! HIS RIDER--THE TWO-GUN KID!
RECKON WE'RE A BIT *LATE*, CYCLONE! THAT JASPER LOOKS *PLUMB DEAD!*
THIS SADDLE'S *JUST* BEEN MOVED! RECKON THIS OLD-TIMER WAS *KILLED* FOR HIS SADDLE, BUT WE BUTTED IN TOO SOON! IT MUST BE WORTH A LOT OF *MONEY*, BUT I WOULDN'T THINK IT WAS WORTH *KILLIN'* FOR!
SUDDENLY A STRANGER MATERIALIZES FROM NOWHERE!
RECKON YOU'RE THE ONE TO *EXPLAIN*, FRIEND! I HEARD A SHOT AND THEN FOUND *YOU* STANDING OVER THE *BODY* OF OLD TED FRENCH!
SPEAK YOUR *PIECE*, STRANGER--*FAST!*
I *FOUND* HIM *DEAD!* MAYBE *YOU'D* BETTER EXPLAIN HOW COME YOU WERE SO CLOSE WHEN HE WAS SHOT?
LOOK OVER TO YOUR *LEFT*, HOMBRE! THAT'S SHERIFF STIRMAN RIDING THIS WAY!
YOU DON'T STAND A *CHANCE*, STRANGER! YOU RIDE OUT! I'LL TELL THE SHERIFF *I* KILLED OL' FRENCH! I'M WELL KNOWN IN SILVER CITY AND CAN GET *AWAY* WITH IT! YOU'LL DANCE ON AIR IF *YOU* STAY!
I NEVER SAW ANYONE HANKER SO TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR A *KILLIN'!* RECKON I'LL STAY AND SEE THIS *THROUGH*, MISTER!
WHAT GOES ON HERE? I HEARD A *SHOT!* WHO IS THIS HOMBRE, DUMAR?
A STRANGER, SHERIFF! I HEARD A SHOT AND FOUND *HIM* STANDING OVER FRENCH'S BODY!
I CAN *EXPLAIN*, SHERIFF...
DROP YORE HARDWARE, STRANGER! YOU KIN EXPLAIN WHEN YOU'RE SAFE IN *JAIL!* MOUNT UP AND PACK IN TED'S *SADDLE!* IT'S THE ONLY THING HE OWNED WORTH ANYTHING!

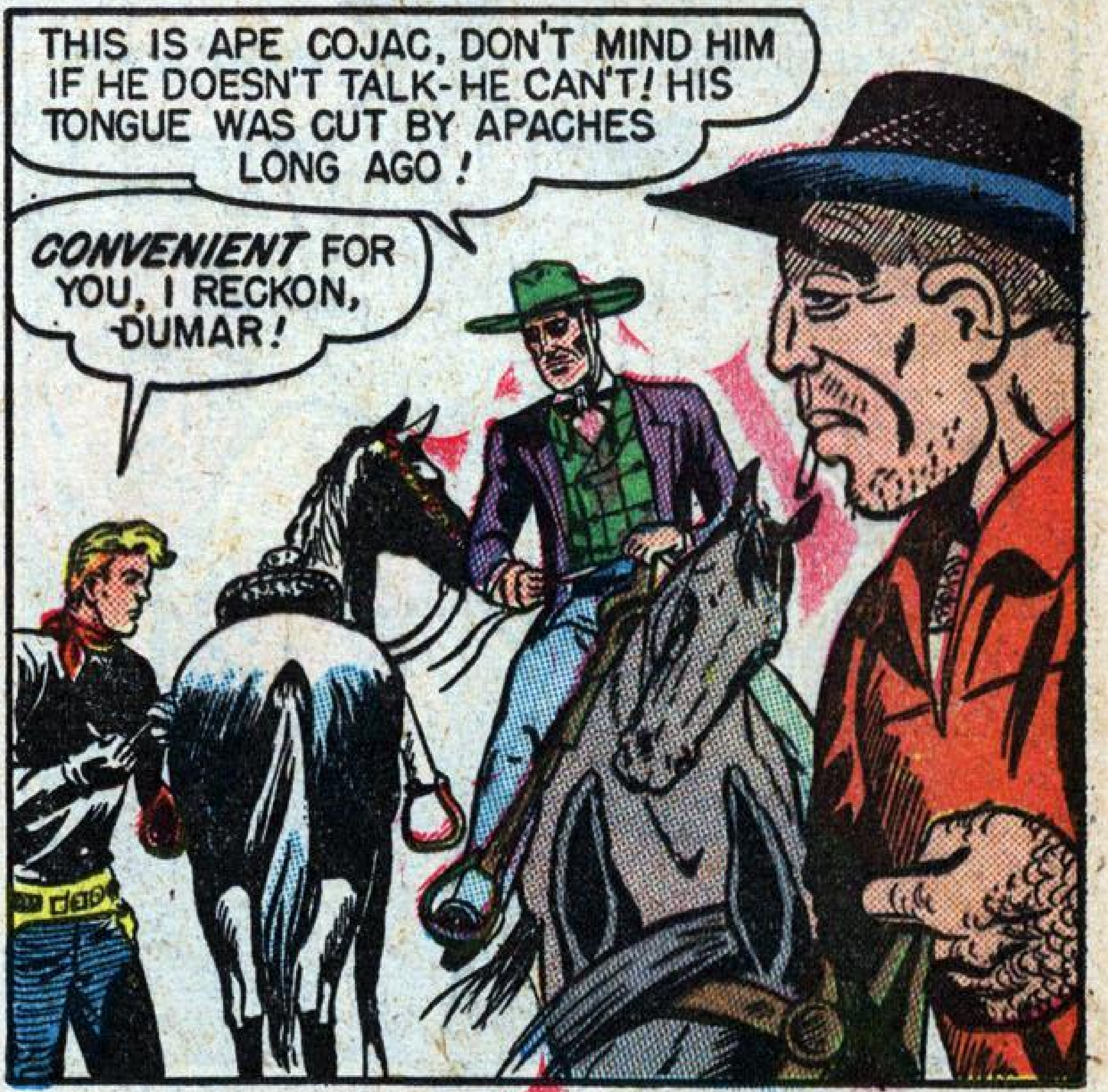
INTO SILVER CITY THE TRIO TROTS, AS AN OMINOUS FEELING OF DISASTER RIDES THE KIDS SHOULDERS!
I'M GOIN' TO MY PLACE, SHERIFF!
SEE YA LATER, DUMAR, AFTER I *JUG* THIS JASPER!
RD HOTEL
DUMAR'S LAST CHANCE SA
BUT I TELL YOU, SHERIFF, I DIDN'T EVEN *KNOW* THE OLD-TIMER THAT WAS BUSHWHACKED! I *DIDN'T* KILL HIM!
THAT'S GONNA BE *HARD* TO PROVE, MISTER! NOW DON'T MAKE ANY *TROUBLE* HERE! I'VE GOTTA TAKE THAT SADDLE AN'...
SUDDENLY...
SHERIFF! I JUST HEARD ABOUT DAD BEING *KILLED! WHO DID IT?*
NOW, MISS ELLEN, DON'T GET ALL HET UP! RECKON WE GOT THE *KILLER* AN' WE'LL SEE *HE* GETS WHAT'S *COMING* TO HIM!
I'LL GO PACK IN YORE DAD'S REMAINS, MISS ELLEN!
OH, WHY DID *YOU* DO IT? *WHY? WHY?*
PLEASE, MISS, LET ME *EXPLAIN!*
AS THE TEARFUL GIRL LISTENS, THE TWO-GUN KID EXPLAINS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED!
AN' *THAT'S* HOW IT WAS! BY THE WAY, I'M KNOWN AS THE TWO-GUN KID!
THE *TWO-GUN KID?* I'VE *HEARD* OF YOU AND I *BELIEVE* YOU BECAUSE YOU ARE *WHO* YOU ARE!
ELLEN FRENCH TELLS THE TWO-GUN KID A STORY THAT SUPPLIES THE FIRST LINK TO THE MYSTERY OF TED FRENCH'S DEATH!
I'D BEEN EAST TRAINING RACERS IN KENTUCKY WHEN DAD WROTE THAT HE'D FINALLY FOUND THE *MOTHER-LODE* OF THE OLD *SILVER CITY* MINE! HE MET ME IN TOWN YESTERDAY AND TOLD ME HE HAD A MAP OF THE ROUTE TO THE MINE! THEN HE LEFT TO GO THERE!
HE WAS SO PROUD OF THAT SADDLE! THE SILVER CAME FROM THE MINE! HE *NEVER* LET IT OUT OF HIS SIGHT!
HE WAS KILLED FOR THE *MAP,* NOT THE *SADDLE!* WE'LL WORK OUT SOMETHING *SOMEHOW,* MISS ELLEN!

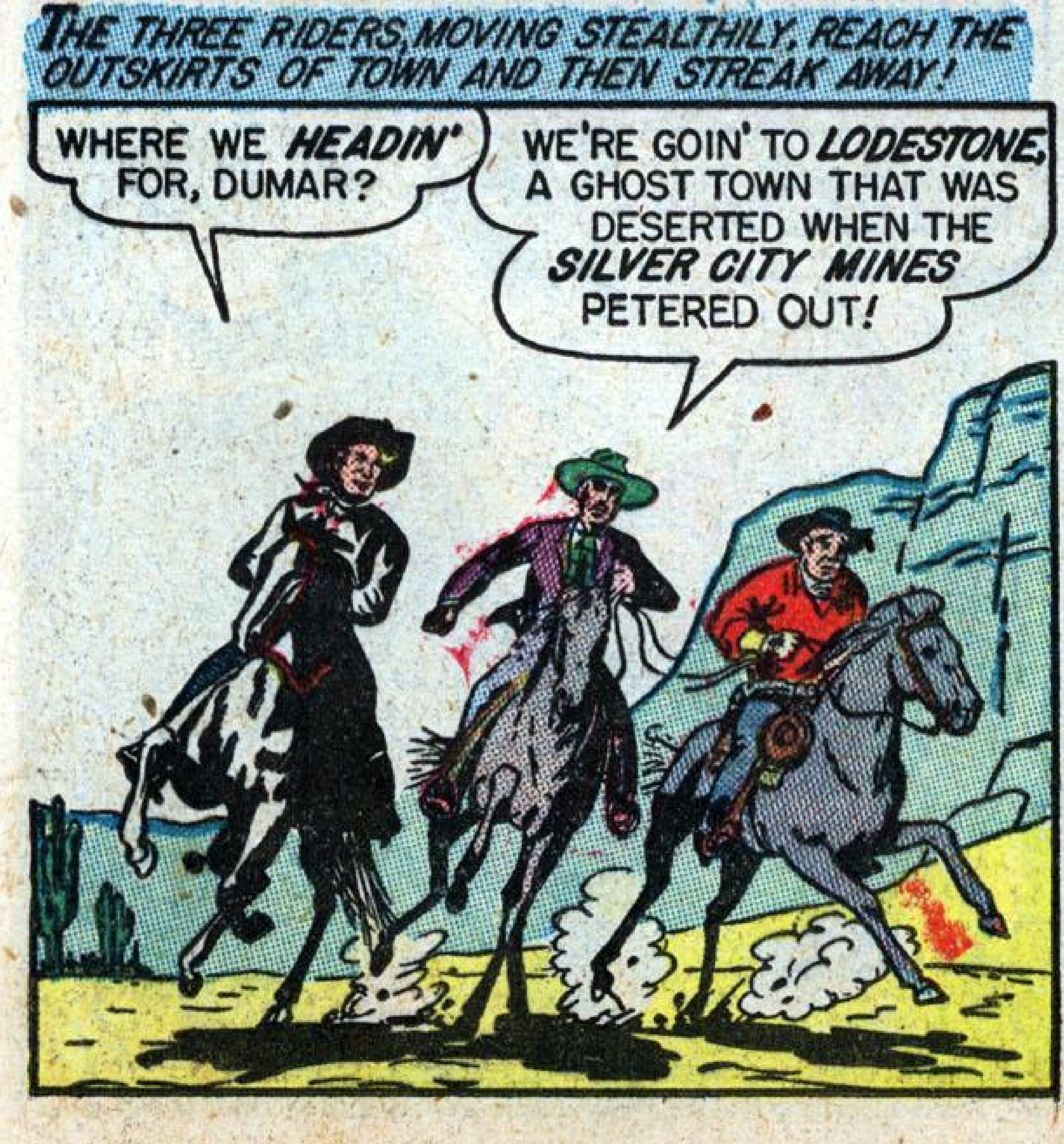

THE GIRL GOES, BENT UNDER HER BURDEN OF GRIEF, LEAVING THE TWO-GUN KID TO HIS THOUGHTS!
WHAT WAS DUMAR DOING SO CLOSE BY? HE *MUST* HAVE KILLED THE OLD-TIMER!

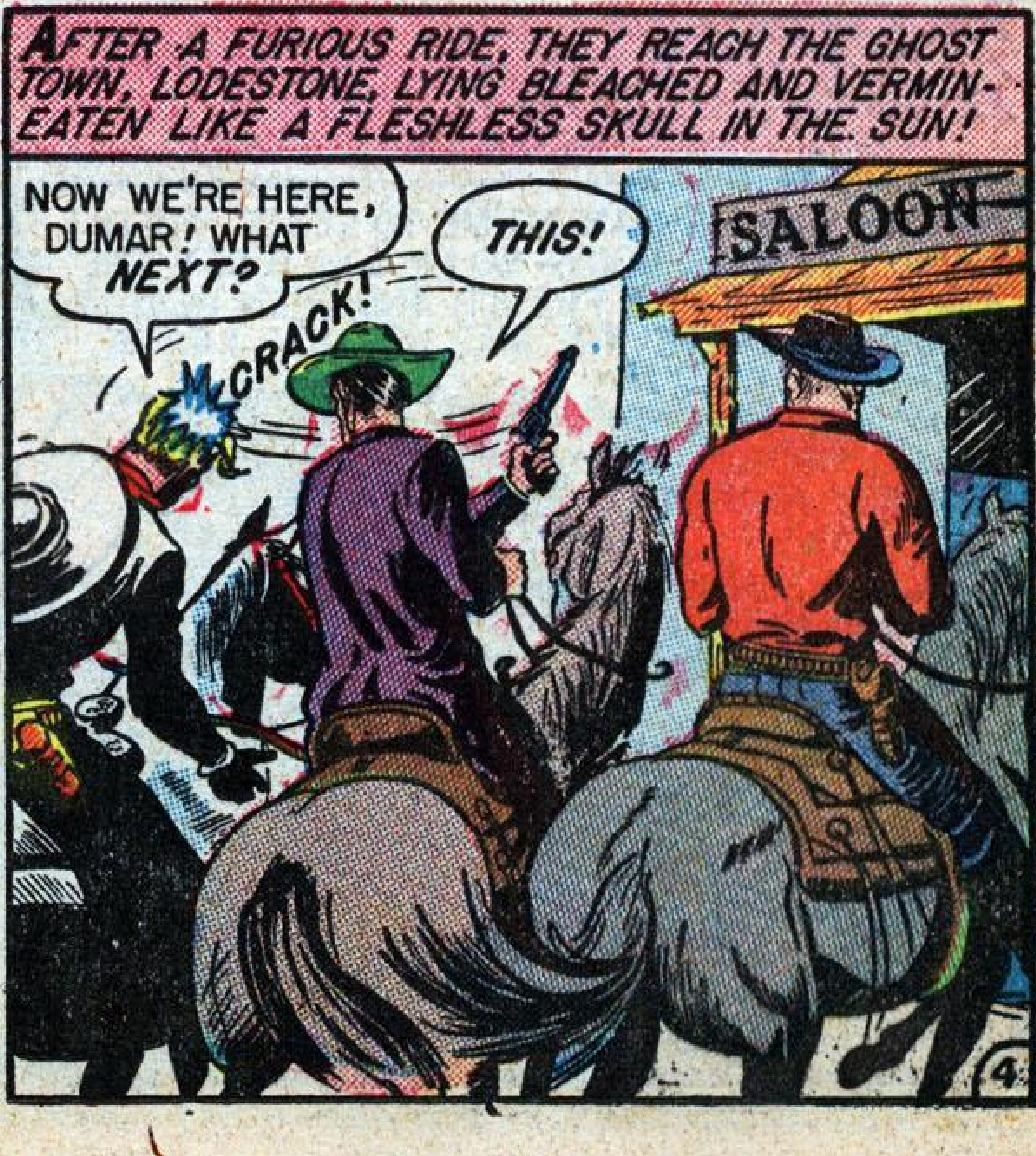

PSS-ST! I'M GONNA *BREAK* YOU OUT OF HERE WHILE THE SHERIFF'S OUT GETTIN' FRENCH'S BODY! STAND BACK WHILE I *FORCE* THE LOCK!
DUMAR! I DON'T GET *THIS!*


THE RUSTY LOCK SOON BREAKS UNDER THE LEVERAGE APPLIED BY DUMAR!
THAT *DOES* IT! C'MON, STRANGER, LET'S RIDE!
I'M WITH YOU, DUMAR!
C-CRACK!


GRAB A SADDLE! I'VE GOT YORE CAYUSE OUT BACK! *HURRY!*
FRENCH'S FANCY SADDLE IS THE ONLY ONE HERE! *I'LL* TAKE THAT!


THIS IS APE COJAC, DON'T MIND HIM IF HE DOESN'T TALK-HE CAN'T! HIS TONGUE WAS CUT BY APACHES LONG AGO!
CONVENIENT FOR YOU, I RECKON, DUMAR!


THE THREE RIDERS, MOVING STEALTHILY, REACH THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN AND THEN STREAK AWAY!
WHERE WE *HEADIN'* FOR, DUMAR?
WE'RE GOIN' TO *LODESTONE*, A GHOST TOWN THAT WAS DESERTED WHEN THE *SILVER CITY MINES* PETERED OUT!

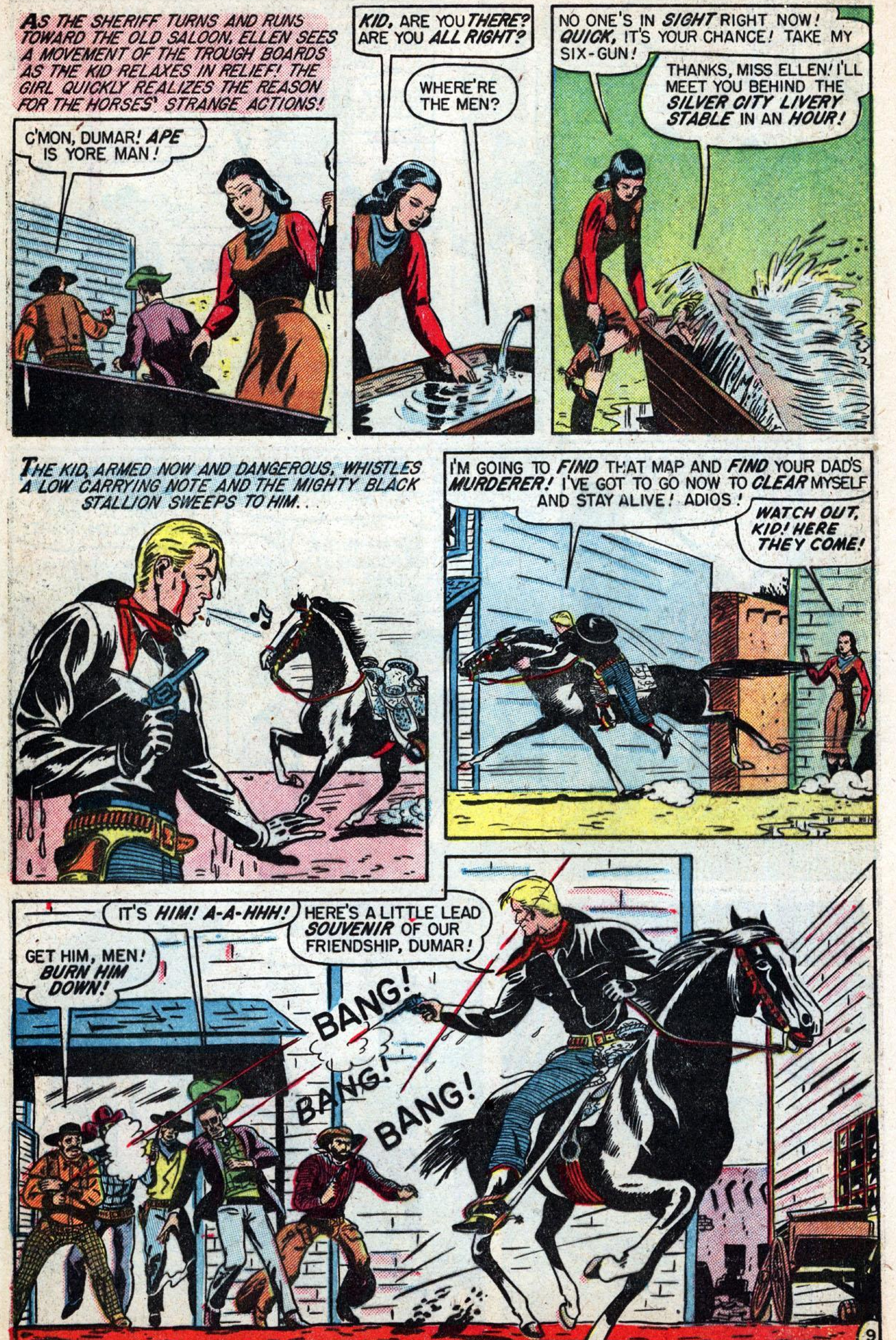

AFTER A FURIOUS RIDE, THEY REACH THE GHOST TOWN, LODESTONE, LYING BLEACHED AND VERMIN-EATEN LIKE A FLESHLESS SKULL IN THE SUN!
NOW WE'RE HERE, DUMAR! WHAT *NEXT?*
THIS!
CRACK!
SALOON

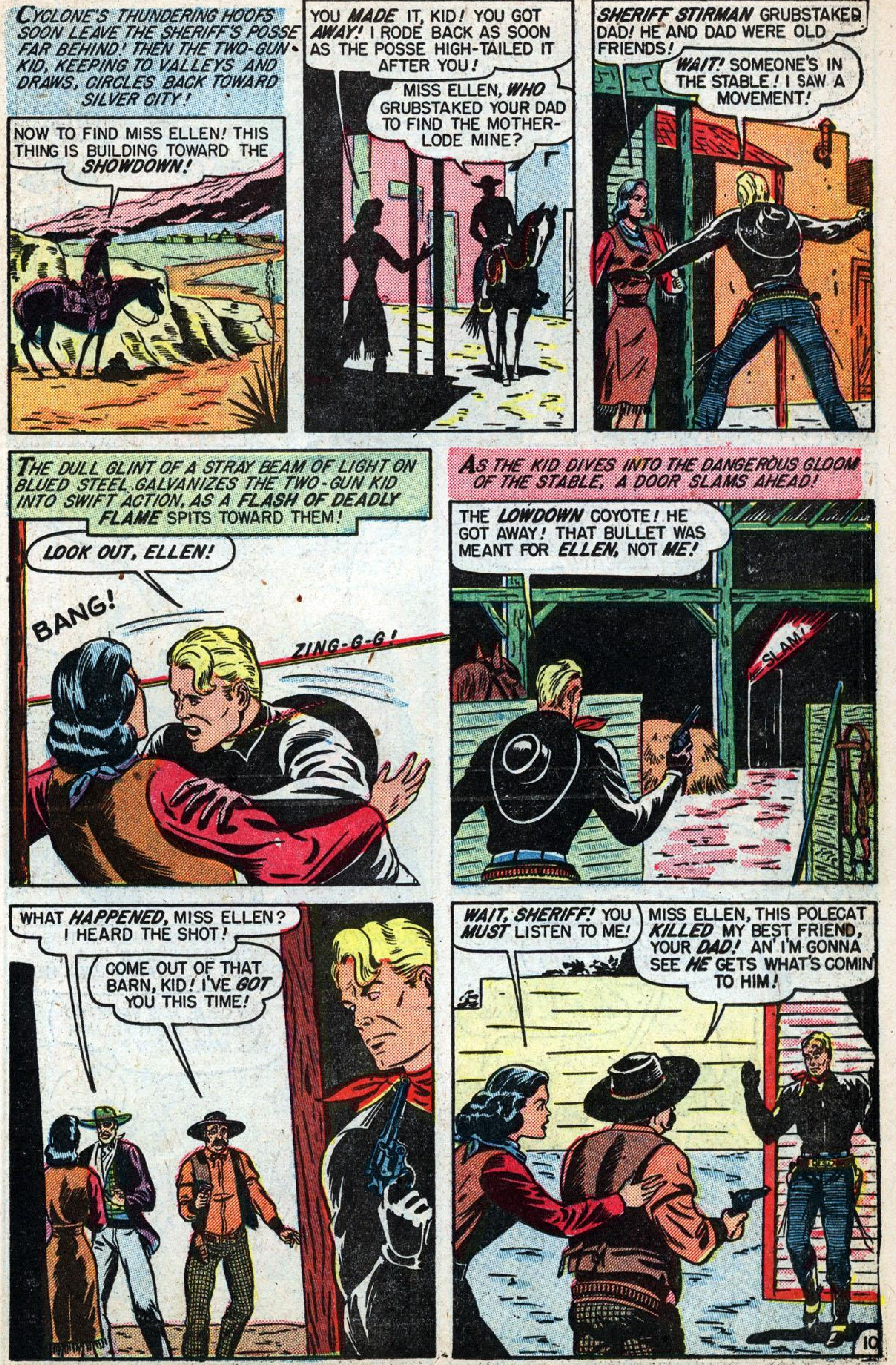
CARRY HIM INTO THE SALOON, APE!
THROW SOME WOOD IN THAT OLD STOVE AN' GET A GOOD FIRE BURNING! THEN GET THAT RUSTY CROOKED "D" BRANDING IRON FROM THE CORNER THERE AN' HEAT IT UP!
OUT OF AN ENCOMPASSING MENTAL WELL, THE KID COMES BACK TO HEAD-HAMMERING CONSCIOUSNESS!
OH, MY HEAD!
HOLD HIM, APE!
NOW, MISTER, TELL ME WHAT YOU DID WITH THE MAP!
WHAT MAP?
DON'T GIVE ME THAT! I MEAN OLD MAN FRENCH'S MAP TO THE MOTHER-LODE MINE! I WANT IT AND FAST, OR I'LL LAY THIS BRAND ON YORE FOREHEAD TILL IT BURNS DOWN TO THE SKULL-- NOW TALK- PRONTO!
HELD AS THOUGH IN A STEEL VISE BY THE TERRIBLE POWER OF APE COJAC'S IRON ARMS, THE TWO-GUN KID THINKS FAST AS THE FLAMING HEAT OF THE IRON COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER!
THIS IS WHY HE WANTED ME TO SCOOT WHEN I FOUND FRENCH'S BODY- SO HE COULD GET THE MAP! DID HE KILL FRENCH AND THEN BEAT IT BEFORE HE FOUND THE MAP BECAUSE I CAME ALONG? OR WAS IT SOMEONE ELSE WHO KILLED FRENCH AND ALREADY HAS THE MAP?
AS DUMAR LUNGES IMPATIENTLY FORWARD, THE KID TWISTS HIS HEAD AND THE HOT IRON SINGES BY, BURNING INTO APE'S SHOULDER!
HOLD HIM, YOU TONGUELESS FOOL!
S-S-S-S

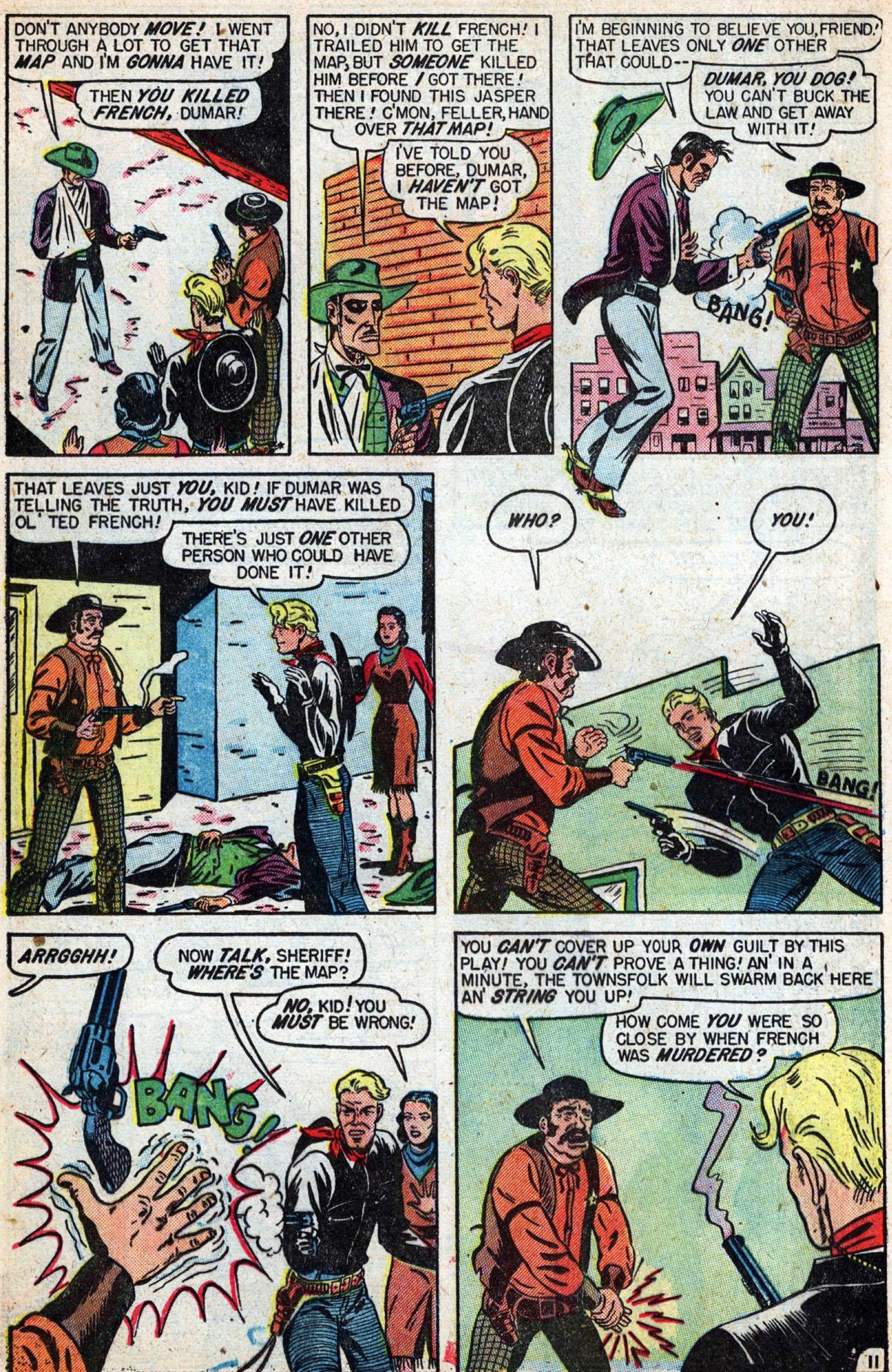
AND THE TWO-GUN KID LAUNCHES INTO CAT-LIKE ACTION!
THIS IS JUST PART PAYMENT, DUMAR!
OW-WWW!
CRACK!
SMASH!
AS DUMAR, STUNNED, FALLS TO THE FLOOR LIKE A RAG DOLL, THE TWO-GUN KID FACES THE VOICELESS, ANIMAL-LIKE BRUTE!
IF I CAN KEEP HIM FROM GRABBIN' ME, I MAY HAVE A CHANCE!
THUD!
THEN BEGINS A TITANIC STRUGGLE, SOUNDLESS BUT FOR PANTING BREATH--STAMPING, SHIFTING FEET AND THE DULL THUD OF FISTS ON FLESH!
BAM!
CUT AND BLEEDING FROM PUNISHMENT THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED AN ORDINARY MAN, APE STILL PLODS FORWARD--HIS DULL EYES GLARING VOICELESS MURDER AT THE TWO-GUN KID!
IF HE DOESN'T GO DOWN SOON, I'M THROUGH!
CRACK!
I THINK I GOT HIM!
BAM!
UNDER THE SLASHING, RELENTLESS ATTACK, APE BEGINS TO SWAY! HIS EYES GO BLANK, AND THEN, LIKE A MIGHTY FOREST GIANT, HE CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR!
HE'S--HE'S GOIN' DOWN!
REWARD
SMASH!
6

I'VE GOTTA MAKE TRACKS BEFORE THEY COME TO!
THE SHERIFF! I'M TRAPPED!
THE KID WHIRLS AND FLINGS HIMSELF BACK INTO THE GHOST TOWN SALOON! AS HE PEERS THROUGH THE SWINGING DOORS THE ROUND COLD EYE OF A SIX-GUN CHILLS HIS SPINE!
IT'S ME, YOU POLECAT! I'M GONNA BLAST YORE BACKBONE OUT THROUGH YORE BELLY!
DUMAR, IF YOU DO, YOU'LL NEVER FIND THE MINE!
BETWEEN TWO FIRES, THE TWO-GUN KID PLAYS THE HAND THAT'S DEALT HIM IN THE ONLY WAY HE CAN!
IF I HAND YOU OVER TO THAT POSSE THAT'S RIDIN' IN, THEY'LL STRING YOU UP PRONTO! IF I HIDE YOU, WILL YOU LEAD ME TO THE MINE?
YES!
THAT WATER TROUGH HAS A FALSE BOTTOM, YOU KIN HIDE THERE! BUT REMEMBER, ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HANGIN', 'CAUSE I'LL FILL THAT TROUGH SO FULL OF HOLES IT'LL NEVER HOLD WATER AGAIN!
SOON'S I PUT THIS DOWN AGAIN, THE THING WILL FILL WITH WATER! I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN TO COME OUT!
DUMAR, WHERE'S THAT KILLER? HIS HOSS IS TIED OUT FRONT AN' WE TRACKED HIM HERE!
I DUNNO, SHERIFF, I JUST GOT HERE MYSELF! BEEN TRACKIN' THE VARMINT'S HOSS!
PLEASE, SHERIFF, YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! I TELL YOU, HE'S THE TWO-GUN KID!

SCATTER, MEN, AN' SEARCH EVERY CORNER OF THIS TOWN!
WE'D BETTER WATER OUR HOSSES, MISS ELLEN! THEY'VE HAD A LONG, DRY RIDE! YOU, DUMAR, STICK AROUND! THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY GOIN' ON, AN' I WANT YOU IN SIGHT!
SHERIFF, I WISH YOU'D LISTEN TO REASON!
THE HORSES, SMELLING THE ODOR OF HUMAN BLOOD, BALK AT THE WATER!
QUIET, BOY! EASY, GIRL!
WHOA, YA DANG-BLASTED FOOL! WHOA, I SAY!
THAT'S MIGHTY PECULIAR! THIS WATER'S ALWAYS BEEN PURE! SOMETHIN' FUNNY'S GOIN' ON HERE AN' I AIM TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!
SOME ALKALI IN THE WATER, PROBABLY! OR MEBBE A DEAD RAT!
HOLD THIS FOOL, MISS ELLEN! I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG IF I HAVE TA TEAR THAT TROUGH APART!
DON'T BE A FOOL, SHERIFF! YORE HOSS IS JUST ORNERY, THAT'S ALL!
INSIDE THE COFFIN-LIKE CONFINEMENT OF THE TROUGH, THE TWO-GUN KID, UNARMED AND DEFENSELESS, HEARS THE PLOD OF THE SHERIFF'S BOOTS COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER!
SUDDENLY...
HEY, SHERIFF! I JUST FOUND APE COJAC IN HERE! HE'S ALMOST BEATEN TO DEATH! HE'S OUT COLD!


AS THE SHERIFF TURNS AND RUNS TOWARD THE OLD SALOON, ELLEN SEES A MOVEMENT OF THE TROUGH BOARDS AS THE KID RELAXES IN RELIEF! THE GIRL QUICKLY REALIZES THE REASON FOR THE HORSES' STRANGE ACTIONS!
C'MON, DUMAR! APE IS YORE MAN!
KID, ARE YOU THERE? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHERE'RE THE MEN?
NO ONE'S IN SIGHT RIGHT NOW! QUICK, IT'S YOUR CHANCE! TAKE MY SIX-GUN!
THANKS, MISS ELLEN! I'LL MEET YOU BEHIND THE SILVER CITY LIVERY STABLE IN AN HOUR!
THE KID, ARMED NOW AND DANGEROUS, WHISTLES A LOW CARRYING NOTE AND THE MIGHTY BLACK STALLION SWEEPS TO HIM..
I'M GOING TO FIND THAT MAP AND FIND YOUR DAD'S MURDERER! I'VE GOT TO GO NOW TO CLEAR MYSELF AND STAY ALIVE! ADIOS!
WATCH OUT, KID! HERE THEY COME!
GET HIM, MEN! BURN HIM DOWN!
IT'S HIM! A-A-HHH!
HERE'S A LITTLE LEAD SOUVENIR OF OUR FRIENDSHIP, DUMAR!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!


CYCLONE'S THUNDERING HOOFS SOON LEAVE THE SHERIFF'S POSSE FAR BEHIND! THEN THE TWO-GUN KID, KEEPING TO VALLEYS AND DRAWS, CIRCLES BACK TOWARD SILVER CITY!
NOW TO FIND MISS ELLEN! THIS THING IS BUILDING TOWARD THE SHOWDOWN!
YOU MADE IT, KID! YOU GOT AWAY! I RODE BACK AS SOON AS THE POSSE HIGH-TAILED IT AFTER YOU!
MISS ELLEN, WHO GRUBSTAKED YOUR DAD TO FIND THE MOTHER-LODE MINE?
SHERIFF STIRMAN GRUBSTAKED DAD! HE AND DAD WERE OLD FRIENDS!
WAIT! SOMEONE'S IN THE STABLE! I SAW A MOVEMENT!
THE DULL GLINT OF A STRAY BEAM OF LIGHT ON BLUED STEEL GALVANIZES THE TWO-GUN KID INTO SWIFT ACTION, AS A FLASH OF DEADLY FLAME SPITS TOWARD THEM!
LOOK OUT, ELLEN!
BANG!
ZING-G-G!
AS THE KID DIVES INTO THE DANGEROUS GLOOM OF THE STABLE, A DOOR SLAMS AHEAD!
THE LOWDOWN COYOTE! HE GOT AWAY! THAT BULLET WAS MEANT FOR ELLEN, NOT ME!
SLAM!
WHAT HAPPENED, MISS ELLEN? I HEARD THE SHOT!
COME OUT OF THAT BARN, KID! I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!
WAIT, SHERIFF! YOU MUST LISTEN TO ME!
MISS ELLEN, THIS POLECAT KILLED MY BEST FRIEND, YOUR DAD! AN' I'M GONNA SEE HE GETS WHAT'S COMIN TO HIM!


DON'T ANYBODY *MOVE!* I WENT THROUGH A LOT TO GET THAT *MAP* AND I'M *GONNA* HAVE IT!
THEN *YOU KILLED FRENCH,* DUMAR!
NO, I DIDN'T *KILL* FRENCH! I TRAILED HIM TO GET THE MAP, BUT *SOMEONE* KILLED HIM BEFORE *I* GOT THERE! THEN I FOUND THIS JASPER THERE! C'MON, FELLER, HAND OVER *THAT MAP!*
I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE, DUMAR, I *HAVEN'T* GOT THE MAP!
I'M BEGINNING TO BELIEVE YOU, FRIEND! THAT LEAVES ONLY *ONE* OTHER THAT COULD--
DUMAR, YOU DOG! YOU CAN'T BUCK THE LAW AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
BANG!
THAT LEAVES JUST *YOU,* KID! IF DUMAR WAS TELLING THE TRUTH, *YOU MUST* HAVE KILLED OL' TED FRENCH!
THERE'S JUST *ONE* OTHER PERSON WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT!
WHO?
YOU!
BANG!
ARRGGHH!
NOW *TALK,* SHERIFF! *WHERE'S* THE MAP?
NO, KID! YOU *MUST* BE WRONG!
BANG!
YOU *CAN'T* COVER UP YOUR *OWN* GUILT BY THIS PLAY! YOU *CAN'T* PROVE A THING! AN' IN A MINUTE, THE TOWNSFOLK WILL SWARM BACK HERE AN' *STRING* YOU UP!
HOW COME *YOU* WERE SO CLOSE BY WHEN FRENCH WAS *MURDERED?*

DUMAR WANTED THE MAP AND TRIED TO TORTURE ME TO GET IT, BUT YOU KNEW WHERE THE MAP WAS ALL ALONG! ALL YOU WANTED WAS SOMEONE TO PIN THE MURDER RAP ON! YOU CHOSE ME!
YOU SHOT DUMAR BECAUSE HE WAS GONNA EXPOSE YOU! ALSO, HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS IN THE BARN JUST NOW? I WAS HIDDEN! THE ONLY WAY YOU COULD HAVE KNOWN WAS IF YOU WERE THE MAN THAT SHOT AT ELLEN!
WHY, YOU...
AS THE SHERIFF DRAWS FROM A HIDDEN SHOULDER HOLSTER, A FAST, SLICK DRAW, GUNS THUNDER AND FLAME THEIR MESSAGES OF DEATH!
NO, YOU DON'T!
AH-H-HH...
BANG!
BANG!
STIRMAN, YOU'RE GOIN' FAST! DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME TO TALK?
OKAY, KID! YOU'RE R-RIGHT! I KILLED TED AN' TRIED TO KILL ELLEN! I-I GUESS THE THOUGHT OF TH-THAT GREAT FORTUNE IN SILVER M-MADE ME CRAZY!
WHERE'S THE MAP, STIRMAN? ELLEN IS THE LEGAL HEIR!
THE MAP? THAT'S A JOKE, KID! YOU-YOU'VE BEEN SITTIN ON IT! IT'S SEWED IN THE SKIRTS OF OL' TED'S FANCY SADDLE! K-KID, IT- IT'S GITTIN' DARK! T-TAKE MY BOOTS OFF! I-I'M GOIN'! AH-H-H...
LATER
HERE, ELLEN, TAKE IT! IT'S COVERED WITH BLOOD! BUT GOLD AND SILVER ALWAYS HAVE BEEN! IT'S FUNNY HOW THAT SADDLE KEPT POPPIN' UP RIGHT FROM THE BEGINNING!
I-I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, KID!
12
SO THE TWO-GUN KID RIDES AWAY--ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER ADVENTURE BEHIND HIM! BEFORE HIM-- ANOTHER DAY, PERHAPS ANOTHER ADVENTURE! PERHAPS--NO ONE KNOWS BUT THE FATES WHO WEAVE THE PATTERN OF HIS RECKLESS LIFE!
I'VE GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ROAR, THEY'RE SHOOTING DAY AND NIGHT! I'VE GOT TWO GUNS AND WISH I HAD FOUR, BECAUSE I LIKE TO FIGHT!
THE END

AFRICAN INCIDENT

AT THE foot of Avenue Marechal Petain, Mark Kitter paused to catch his breath. He breathed deeply, trying to still the wild pounding of his heart, savoring for a moment the freedom his quick cleverness had brought.

Behind him, in the alleys of the native quarter, human hounds sniffed hungrily in every crack, seeking the quarry that had eluded them—Mark Kitter. A voice shouted alarmingly near, and Mark started, his momentary peace shattered. He swung quickly down the steps that led to the Rue Beauregard and on to the harbor. Once there he slipped beneath the trees that lined the sharply descending street and tried to match the careless saunter of the natives. But the clamor inside him betrayed him, and unconsciously his feet moved faster. He jostled past a group of natives. Fierce eyes stabbed at him from beneath the dirty cotton hoods, but there was no recognition in them. Mark hurried on.

Soon he could see his destination, the SS Cameron, resting peacefully alongside Mostaganem's one small pier. Two blocks more and he would be safe inside the barbed wire fence that surrounded the dock area. There the customs men could see him clearly from their offices on the pier, and he'd have no more need for fear.

Suddenly Mark stopped. Two figures were running down a second road that led to the harbor from the native quarter—Paul Roche and Jackson, a seaman from the Cameron, the two men who'd started a band of native hoodlums in murderous pursuit of him.

He watched until they'd boarded the ship and disappeared into the deckhouse. When they did not reappear, he followed. For the second time that day he climbed up the narrow gangplank of the Cameron. Earlier it had been a routine meeting of the ship. Mark's father was general agent for the A. & C. steamship lines in the Mediterranean and often called on Mark to assist in entering and clearing the vessels.

Captain Jannsen, the master of the Cameron, would be surprised to see him again, Mark reflected. A precise, meticulous man who demanded absolute order in everything, he might even be annoyed. Mark remembered it was through Jannsen that he had learned Jackson's name. When he'd been there before, Jackson had appeared at the skipper's quarters and said, "My liberty begins now, sir. Could I have my advance?"

The captain had reached into his desk and tossed an envelope to the man. "I've saved it for you, Jackson. Remember, liberty expires at oh-eight-hundred."

It was usual, Mark had thought then, for Captain Jannsen to have the seaman's advance ready. But now, as he stepped onto the deck, something about the scene disturbed him. Somewhere deep in his mind a troubling thought was trying to push through. Puzzled, he continued slowly up to the top deck.

Captain Jannsen took some time to answer his door. When he saw Mark, his eyebrows shot up. "Well! I didn't expect to see you again today. I was taking a nap—we were up all last night coming into the harbor. Did you forget something?"

"No. I found out something," replied Mark. "One of your crew is mixed up in a smuggling ring."

Jannsen looked at him sharply. "That's serious. Who is it?"

"Jackson. When I left here before, I stopped by Roche's chemist shop to pick up some stuff for Dad. Roche wasn't out front so I went back to his little laboratory. I've done that lots of times, just opened the back door and hollered. Today the door was locked, but I could hear voices. Roche was saying that the next shipment of heroin for the Cameron was going to cost more money, but that he'd let this one go for the old price. There was a little argument about that; then the door swung open, and Roche came out with Jackson right behind him.

"They knew I'd heard them all right because Roche went quickly over to the front door and locked it. He told Jackson to grab me, but I ducked, got by him and out through a rear door. The alley I went into was pretty well crowded with lounging natives, and a second later I heard Roche shouting in Arabic. The whole tribe started after me. It's lucky I know the quarter pretty well. I was able to circle around and throw them off."

"Did you report this to anyone else?" asked the captain.

"No, I came right here to the Cameron. After all, this involves your ship and your license."

Captain Jannsen was on his feet instantly. "You did right. Wait here. I'll get Jackson."

For several minutes Mark fidgeted alone in the cabin, then stepped out onto the deck. From there he could see the afterdeck and most of the dock. He frowned. Paul Roche was just stepping from the gangplank onto the pier, and a watch had been stationed there. Suddenly Mark felt that the guard was there to keep him a prisoner on the Cameron.

His eyes flashed around and settled on a drum of oil near the offshore railing. He crossed to it and knocked the plug out with a pin he found on the deck. Footsteps rang on the steel ladder leading to the top deck, and Mark hurriedly pushed against the drum, tipping it over. It fell with a thud, and the footsteps paused. Mark waited just long enough to see the oil spill into the scupper and dashed back into the captain's cabin. Behind him the footsteps continued their ascent.

Jackson came in through the cabin door and confronted Mark. An ugly automatic preceded him, pointed directly at Mark's chest.

"You're too smart," murmured Jackson softly. "We're gonna hafta . . ."

The crash of a heavy revolver shattered the rest of his words, and astonishment swept over his features before they twisted in pain and he pitched forward, dead. Captain Jannsen appeared, carrying a pistol and looking down at the body. But the obvious satisfaction in his face touched a spring in Mark's brain, and that something he'd wanted to remember shot suddenly into his consciousness.

"Lucky I came back here," said the captain. "I missed Jackson below. I got here just in time."

An interruption came from the passageway. "Captain, what do you mean by pumping bilge water into the harbor? You know you can't . . ." A harbor policeman, stepping into the cabin, broke off to stare at Jackson's still form. "What's this? Here, give that gun to me."

Silently, Jannsen handed it over. Mark said quickly, "Captain Jannsen just shot his confederate in a smuggling racket!"

Both men popped their eyes incredulously at him. His eyes on the captain, Mark continued, "Today I saw you give Jackson an advance on his wages in a sealed envelope. That's a violation of the shipping laws; money must always be counted out, and I don't think, captain, that any master as careful as you would make that mistake. No, the money in that envelope was to pay Roche. Then, after I'd talked to you, you went below to get Jackson even though I hadn't told you he was back aboard. That meant he'd already delivered the stuff to you. So you had him come up here and threaten me so you could shoot him on the pretext of saving my life. You probably planned something of the same sort for Roche so that I could never prove my story."

"Ridiculous!" snorted Captain Jannsen, but his eyes were wary and his body tense. His lunge caught the policeman by surprise, and he almost had the gun back when Mark swept a heavy lamp off the deck and brought it down on Jannsen's head. The policeman caught him and eased him to the floor. "That was close," he muttered.

"I'll go ashore and get help," Mark said. "I think more of the crew may be mixed up in this. When Roche is picked up, he'll probably tell us."

The policeman nodded. "Good."

At the door Mark turned. "By the way, that oil slick you saw in the bay wasn't from the Cameron's bilge. I dumped an oil drum over to get your attention. And am I glad you fellows keep such a close check on your harbor regulations!"

THE END

SL-2156

THE TWO-GUN KID

THE TWO-GUN KID
TRAPPED BY A GUN-HUNG CREW OF MADDENED MEXICANS, THEIR TEMPLES DESECRATED, THEIR IRE ROUSED TO BLOOD PITCH, CAN THE TWO-GUN KID ESCAPE? CAN HE FIND THE GUILTY CULPRITS? THE ANSWERS LIE IN–
"AZTEC GOLD BRINGS HOT-LEAD JUSTICE!"
3275
AZTEC TREASURE! GLEAMING, GOLDEN REMNANT OF AN ANCIENT CIVILIZATION! LIKE THE HOT BREATH OF A DESERT WIND, ITS SCENT WAFTS ACROSS THE PATH OF...
...THE TWO-GUN KID, AS HE RIDES DOWN AN OLD MEXICAN TRAIL!
I GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ROAR, THEY'RE SHOOTING DAY AND NIGHT, I GOT TWO GUNS AND WISH I HAD FOUR, BECAUSE I LIKE TO FIGHT!
1

CRACK! CRACK! BANG! CRACK!
THERE'S THE VARMINT THAT'S BUSHWHACKIN' ME—GALLOPIN' OVER THE RIDGE!
THERE'S ONLY ONE HORSE IN THE WEST WITH THE SPEED OF A BULLET--CYCLONE--THE GREAT BLACK STALLION...
C'MON, CYCLONE!
RIDE 'EM DOWN!
SMASH!
BLAZES! YOU'RE ONLY A PUP—A MEXICAN KID!
YES! I, PEPITO, AM BUT A BOY!
ONCE I WAS THE GRINGO'S FRIEND! NOW BETWEEN US THERE IS WAR TO THE DEATH! MY VILLAGE HAS SWORN IT!
ABRUPTLY, RECKLESSLY, THE STRANGE YOUNG WARRIOR MOUNTS AND SPURS AWAY!
HOLD IT, CYCLONE! LET THE KID MAKE TRACKS! RECKON WE'LL BE VISITIN' HIS VILLAGE PRONTO!
2

TALL IN THE SADDLE, THE KID RIDES DOWN MEXICO WAY TO THE BORDER, THE INCIDENT OF LITTLE PEPITO FORGOTTEN!
THERE'S THE VILLAGE! LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH! WONDER IF THE FOLKS ARE IN A TALKATIVE MOOD!
REVENGE!
DEATH!
BLOOD!
DID I SAY PEACEFUL? THESE HOMBRES ARE PLUMB KILL-CRAZY! THEY AIN'T A-TALKIN — THEY'RE SHOUTIN' FOR BLOOD!
OLLA, AMIGOS, A STRANGER! A GRINGO! BY OUR SAINTED FATHERS, STRIKE HIM DOWN! KILL HIM!
HOLD YOUR FIRE, AMIGOS! I AIN'T LOOKIN' TO PLUG ANY OF YA, BUT— AGH!
BANG!
OOOH, MY HEAD!
HANG HIM ON THE NEAREST TREE! LET OUR ANCESTORS BE AVENGED!
STOP! STOP!
MY PEOPLE, I BEG OF YOU, STOP AND THINK! THIS VAQUERO HAS NOT INVADED OUR AZTEC TEMPLE! HE IS INNOCENT!
I SAY HE IS ONE OF THE ACCURSED INVADERS! I SAY KILL HIM NOW!
BUT, MY SON...
THE CHILL OF COLD STEEL TOUCHES THE KID'S WRIST — THEN HIS ARMS ARE FREE! LITTLE PEPITO BELIEVES THE WORDS OF THE PADRE!

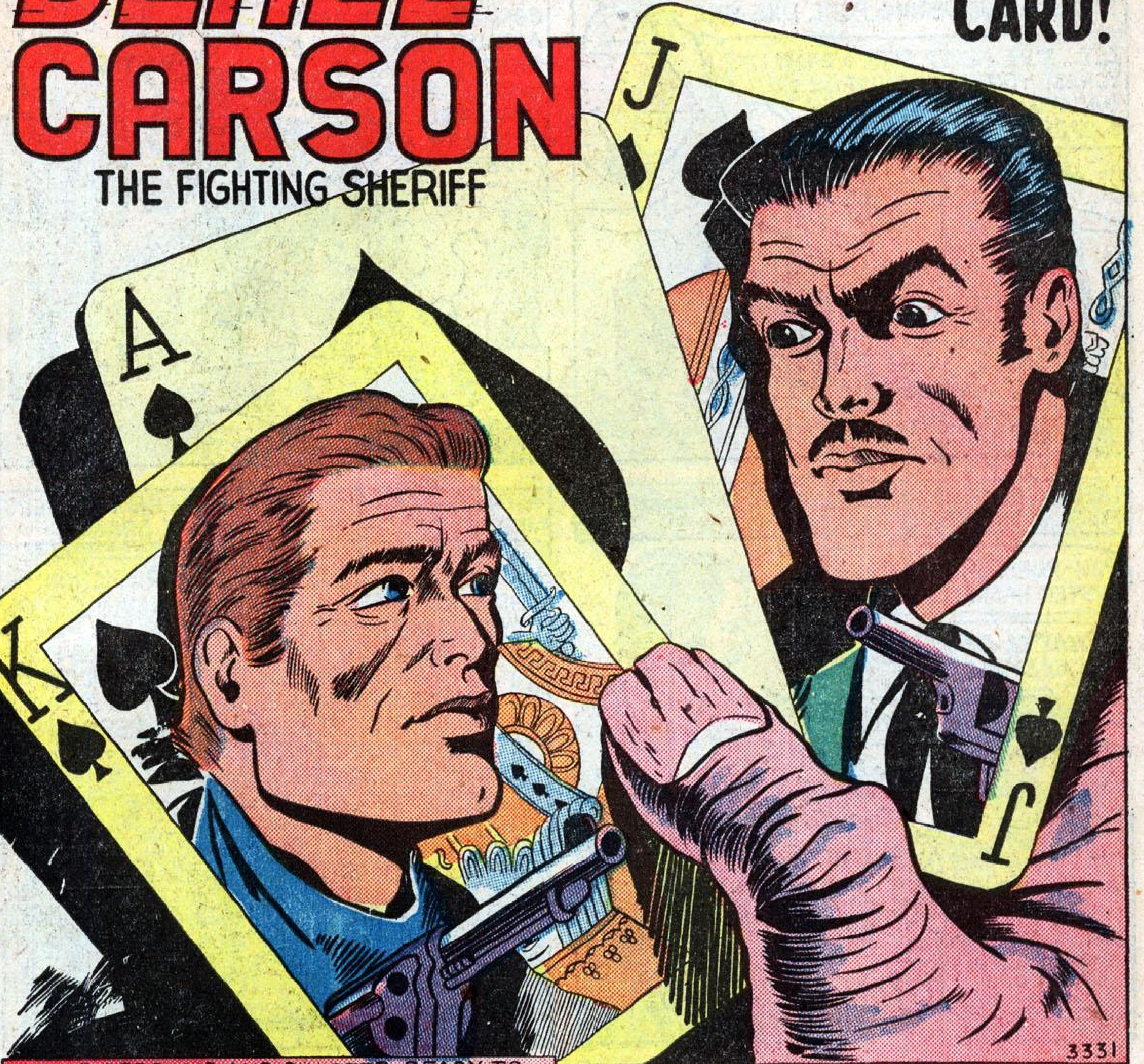
IN A BREATH-TAKING FLASH, THE KID SPRINGS ON CYCLONE AND DASHES AWAY!
LOOK THERE! THE PRISONER *ESCAPES!*
HE MUST NOT *ESCAPE* OUR *VENGEANCE!*
BUT THE KID DOESN'T GO FAR...
THOSE DUDS ARE SORTA FANCY! I SURE HOPE THEY MAKE ME LOOK LIKE ONE OF THE BOYS AROUN' HERE!
AND BEFORE LONG, HE RETURNS AND HEARS...
PADRE, WE MUST *FIGHT* OR *PERISH!* MURDERING THIEVES HAVE INVADED THE SACRED TEMPLE OF OUR AZTEC FATHERS!
THESE HUMAN WOLVES *CLAIM* OUR *LAND*, *PLUNDER* OUR *IDOLS*, *LOOT* THE *TREASURE* OF *OUR TEMPLE!* OUR ANSWER MUST BE *WAR TO THE DEATH!*
THE KID LISTENS, AND SOON HE'S OFF-- RACING AGAINST TIME WITH WINGED STRIDES!
AT THE ANCIENT TEMPLE...
BLAST IT, *THOMAS!* YER DOIN' THIS THE *WRONG WAY!*
BRAND, YOU'RE A BIG-TALKIN' BUCKO! BUT I'M OUT FER *AZTEC GOLD!*
EASY, CYCLONE! HOLD 'ER!
HOWDY, GENTS! I'M HANKERIN' FOR A CONFAB WITH YA!

HOW 'BOUT VACATIN' THIS TEMPLE, PEACEFUL-LIKE?
'NUTHER BIG-TALKIN' BUCKAROO! HO! HO! HO!
SPEAK YER PIECE, SONNY! AN' REMEMBER, YER GABBIN' TAH BUCK THOMAS!
AN' TAH BUD THOMAS! TALK FAST, STRANGER, AN' THEN GIT OUT!
RECKON I'M PLUMB OUTTA TALK, PODNER! C'MON, CYCLONE, LET'S RIDE!
THE WHIP-LIKE CRACK OF THE TWO-GUN KID'S LASSO...
CRACK!
PLUS THE BOOMING BLAST OF HIS DEADLY SIX GUNS, EQUALS... STAMPEDE!
STAMPEDE!
STAMPEDE!
STOP 'EM! GET THOSE HOSSES! WE'RE DONE FOR WITHOUT OUR BRONCS!

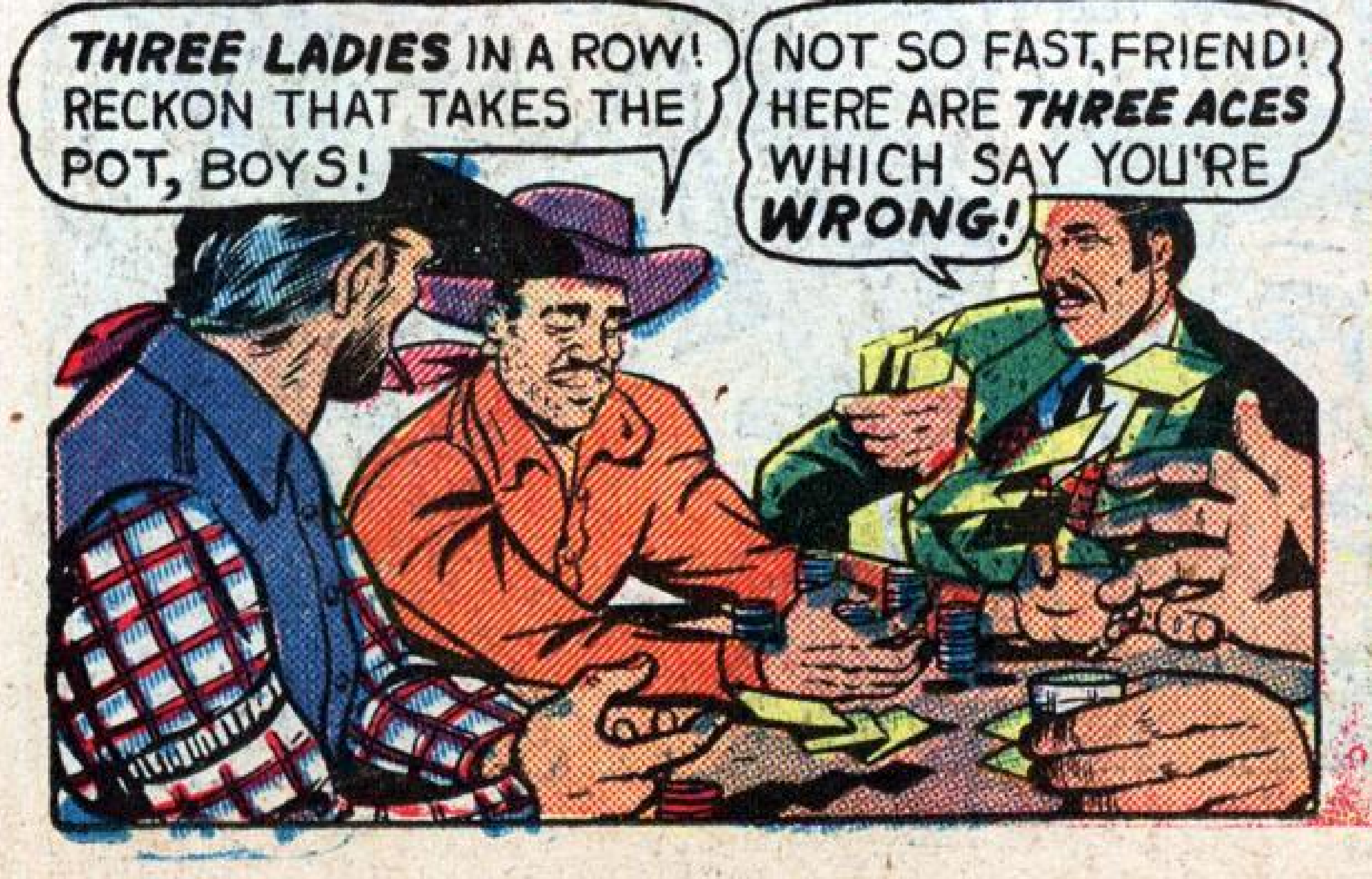
AS BRAND SNEAKS OFF, THE THOMAS BROTHERS RACE FOR THEIR MOUNTS...
WE GOT AN UNFINISHED CONFAB WITH THEM THOMAS FELLAS, CYCLONE!
RIDE 'EM DOWN!
BIFF!
DESPERATELY, LIKE CORNERED RATS, THE KILLERS REACH FOR THEIR GUNS...
AFORE WE FILL YA FULL OF LEAD, STRANGER, WHAT'RE YA HERE FOR? WHO ARE YA?
MOST FOLKS CALL ME THE TWO-GUN KID!
ONE!
BANG!
TWO!
BANG!
I'M AT YOUR SERVICE, BUCK! HERE'S MY HAND!
BAM!
AN' I'M MIGHTY PLEASED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, BUD! HERE'S MY BRAND!
BIFF!

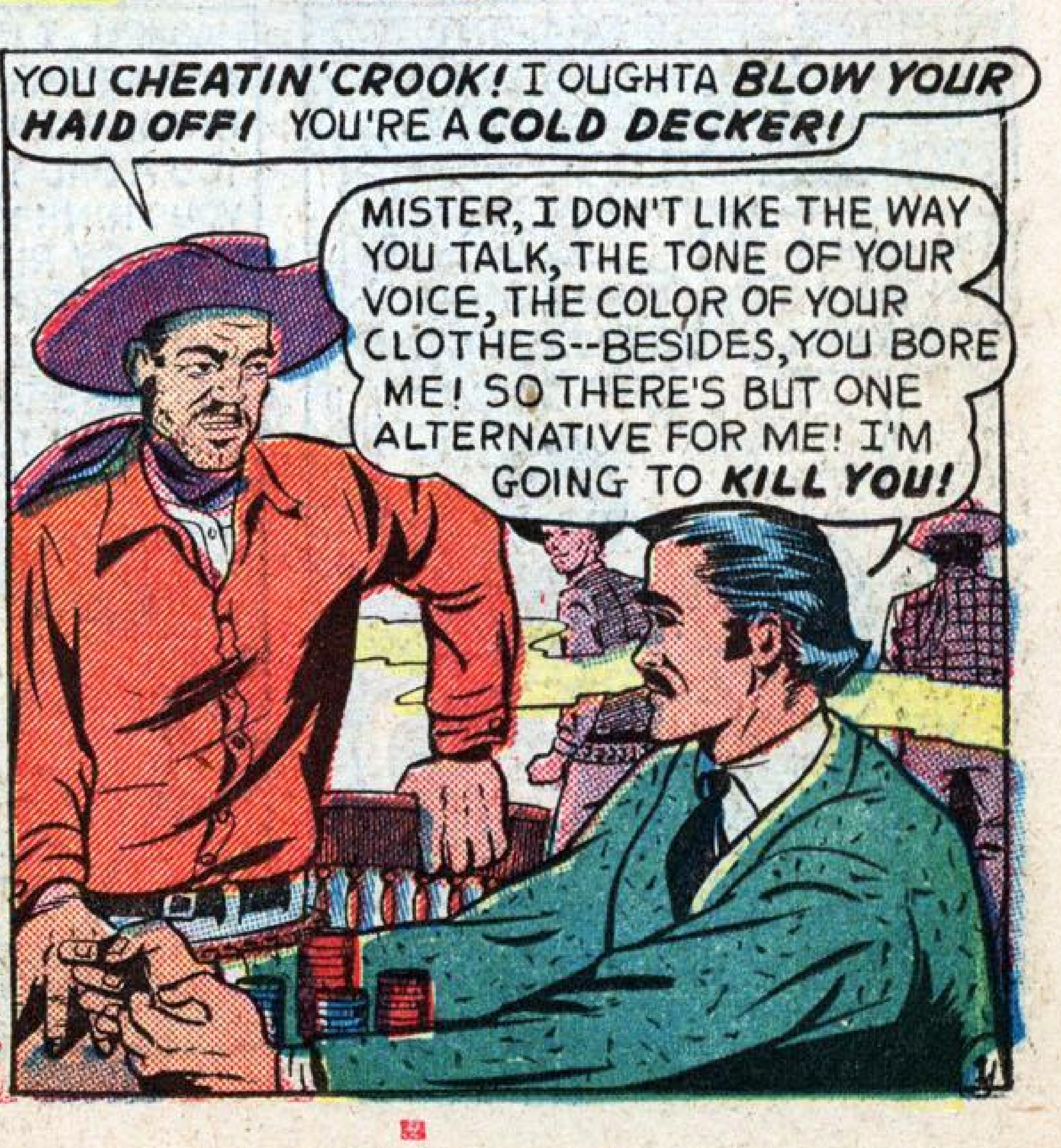
DON'T BE LEAVIN' US NOW, BRAND! I AIN'T DONE WITH YOU YET!
I-I'M ON *YORE* SIDE, KID! I-I WAS JUST TRYIN' TA GET THESE... THESE OUTLAWS *OUTTA* HERE!
I FIGGER *YOU'RE* THE HOMBRE WHO BROUGHT 'EM *IN* HERE, BRAND! YOU'RE WEARIN' AN *AZTEC RING* ON YOUR FINGER *RIGHT NOW!*
ALL *THREE* O' YA COYOTES WERE AFTER THAT TREASURE *TOGETHER!* AN' YOU'RE GONNA GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO YA, *TOGETHER!*
ROPED AND TIED ON A HANDY BURRO, THE CAPTURED THIEVES ARE DRAGGED BACK TO THE VILLAGE...
AT THE MEXICAN VILLAGE...
THE GRINGO! CHOP HIM DOWN! HE IS OUR ENEMY!
WAIT, AMIGOS! WAIT!
I'M SHOOTIN' SQUARE WITH YA! *THESE* ARE THE VARMINTS THAT ROBBED THE TEMPLE! THEY'RE ALL YOURS! *TAKE 'EM AWAY!*
LOOK THERE! OUR ENEMIES ARE *CAPTURED!*
VIVA! VIVA EL AMERICANO!
THE PEOPLE OF OUR VILLAGE WILL DEAL WITH THOSE *EVIL MEN!* YOU HAVE BROUGHT *PEACE* TO OUR TERRITORY! *BLESS YOU,* MY SON!
7
NOW PEPITO IS YOUR PAL! *SALUD, AMIGO!*
I SURE ADMIRE ALL THOSE KIND WORDS, FRIENDS! HASTA LA VISTA!
I GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ROAR, THEY'RE SHOOTING DAY AND NIGHT! I GOT TWO GUNS AND I WISH I HAD FOUR, BECAUSE I LIKE TO FIGHT!
THE END

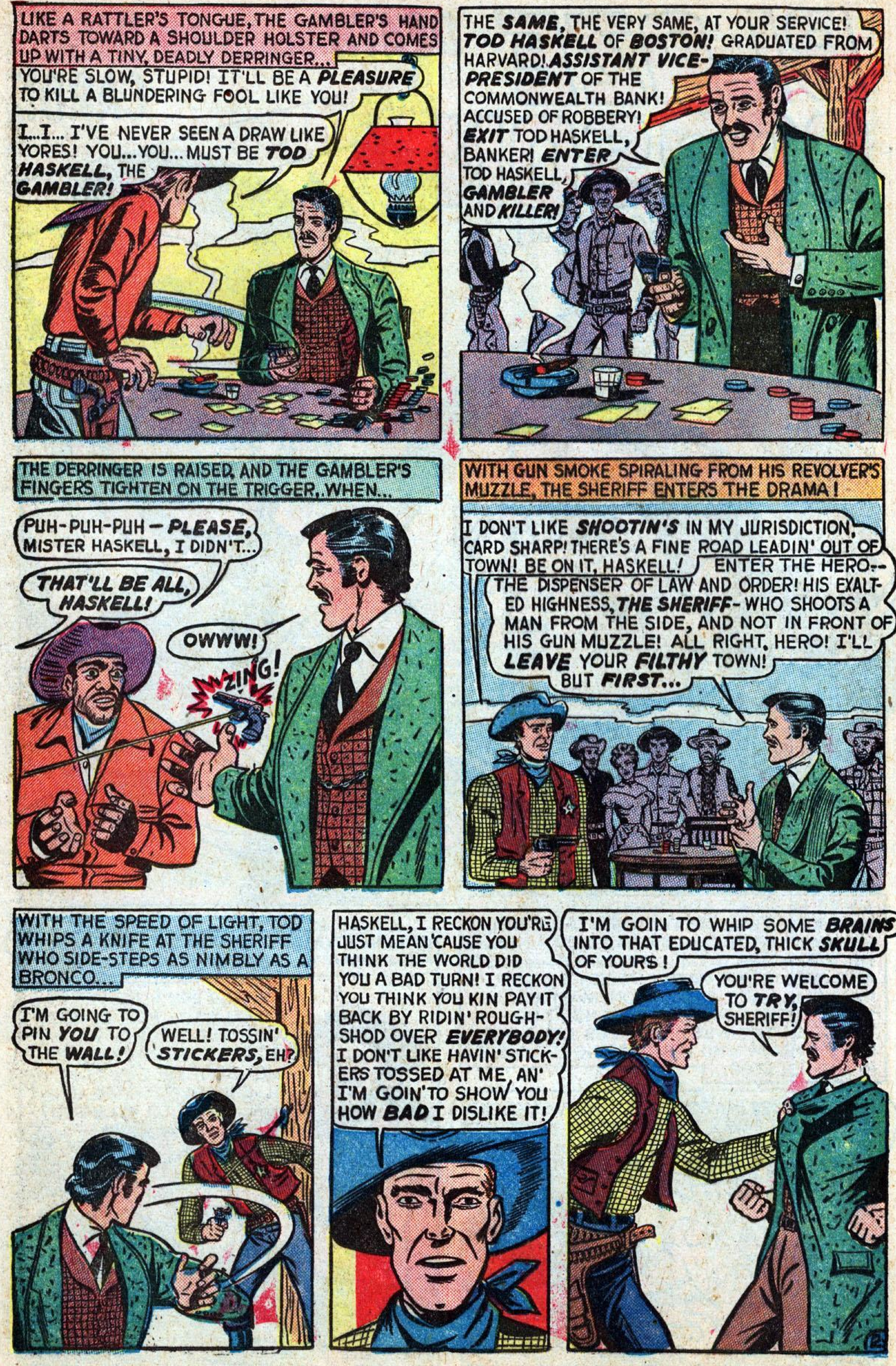
BLAZE CARSON
THE FIGHTING SHERIFF
IN "DEATH DEALS THE HIGH CARD!"



SUAVE, DEBONAIR, AND SINISTER, READY TO RISK A FORTUNE ON THE TURN OF A CARD, WALKING WITH DANGER AND DEATH STALKING HIM—THIS IS THE LIFE OF A GAMBLER! AND THIS IS THE PATH CHOSEN BY TOD HASKELL, LATE OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, NOW A GAMBLER WANDERING THROUGH THE WEST, HIS EYES COLD, HIS HAND STEADY AND HIS DERRINGER LOOSE IN HIS HOLSTER...


THREE LADIES IN A ROW! RECKON THAT TAKES THE POT, BOYS!
NOT SO FAST, FRIEND! HERE ARE **THREE ACES** WHICH SAY YOU'RE **WRONG!**


YOU **CHEATIN' CROOK!** I OUGHTA **BLOW YOUR HAID OFF!** YOU'RE A **COLD DECKER!**
MISTER, I DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU TALK, THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE, THE COLOR OF YOUR CLOTHES--BESIDES, YOU BORE ME! SO THERE'S BUT ONE ALTERNATIVE FOR ME! I'M GOING TO **KILL YOU!**


LIKE A RATTLER'S TONGUE, THE GAMBLER'S HAND DARTS TOWARD A SHOULDER HOLSTER AND COMES UP WITH A TINY, DEADLY DERRINGER...
YOU'RE SLOW, STUPID! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO KILL A BLUNDERING FOOL LIKE YOU!
I...I... I'VE NEVER SEEN A DRAW LIKE YORES! YOU...YOU... MUST BE TOD HASKELL, THE GAMBLER!
THE SAME, THE VERY SAME, AT YOUR SERVICE! TOD HASKELL OF BOSTON! GRADUATED FROM HARVARD! ASSISTANT VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE COMMONWEALTH BANK! ACCUSED OF ROBBERY! EXIT TOD HASKELL, BANKER! ENTER TOD HASKELL, GAMBLER AND KILLER!
THE DERRINGER IS RAISED, AND THE GAMBLER'S FINGERS TIGHTEN ON THE TRIGGER, WHEN...
PUH-PUH-PUH — PLEASE, MISTER HASKELL, I DIDN'T...
THAT'LL BE ALL, HASKELL!
OWWW!
ZING!
WITH GUN SMOKE SPIRALING FROM HIS REVOLVER'S MUZZLE, THE SHERIFF ENTERS THE DRAMA!
I DON'T LIKE SHOOTIN'S IN MY JURISDICTION, CARD SHARP! THERE'S A FINE ROAD LEADIN' OUT OF TOWN! BE ON IT, HASKELL!
ENTER THE HERO-- THE DISPENSER OF LAW AND ORDER! HIS EXALTED HIGHNESS, THE SHERIFF - WHO SHOOTS A MAN FROM THE SIDE, AND NOT IN FRONT OF HIS GUN MUZZLE! ALL RIGHT, HERO! I'LL LEAVE YOUR FILTHY TOWN! BUT FIRST...
WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, TOD WHIPS A KNIFE AT THE SHERIFF WHO SIDE-STEPS AS NIMBLY AS A BRONCO...
I'M GOING TO PIN YOU TO THE WALL!
WELL! TOSSIN' STICKERS, EH?
HASKELL, I RECKON YOU'RE JUST MEAN 'CAUSE YOU THINK THE WORLD DID YOU A BAD TURN! I RECKON YOU THINK YOU KIN PAY IT BACK BY RIDIN' ROUGH-SHOD OVER EVERYBODY! I DON'T LIKE HAVIN' STICKERS TOSSED AT ME, AN' I'M GOIN' TO SHOW YOU HOW BAD I DISLIKE IT!
I'M GOIN TO WHIP SOME BRAINS INTO THAT EDUCATED, THICK SKULL OF YOURS!
YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY, SHERIFF!

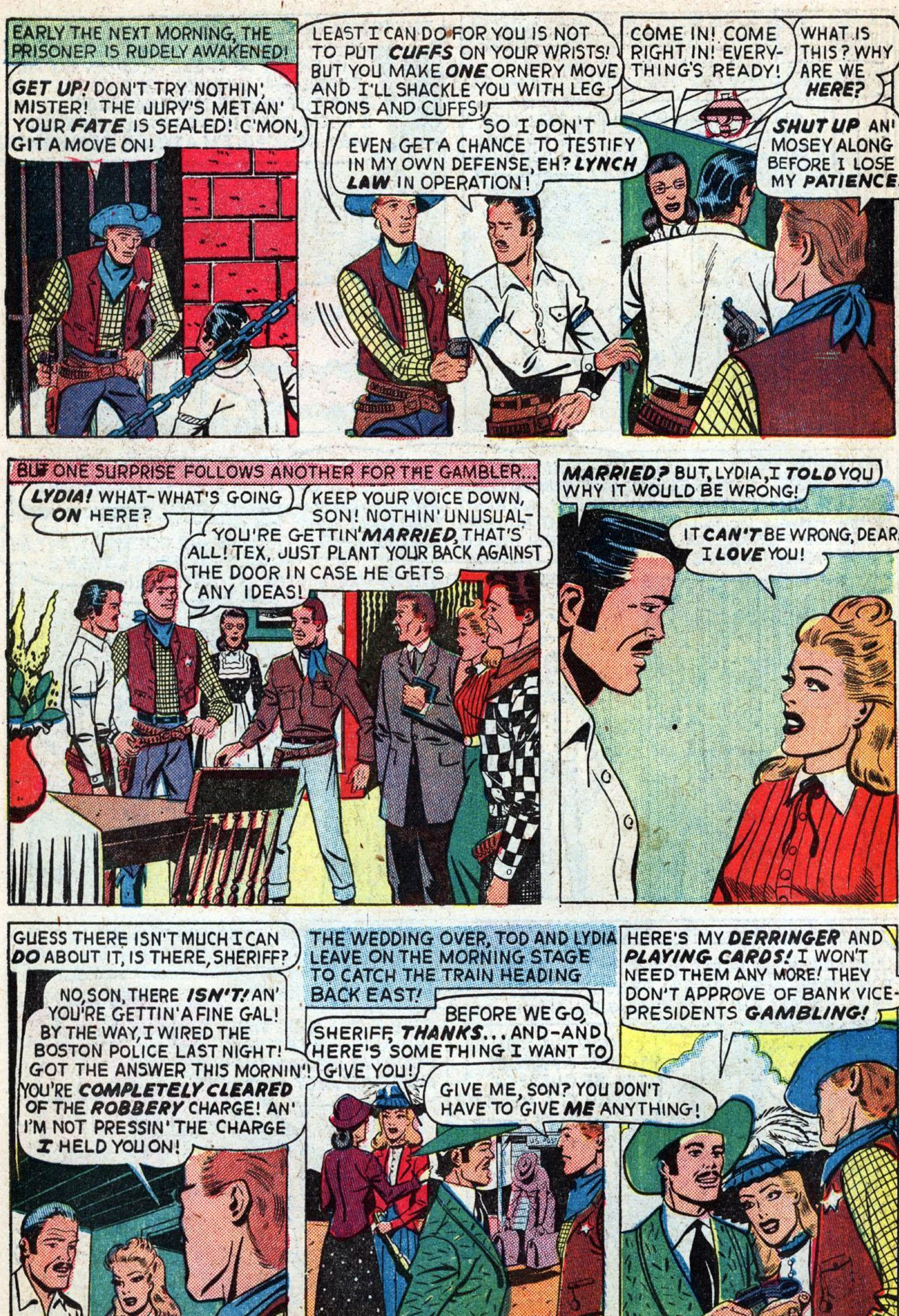
WITH THE FEROCITY OF AROUSED WILDCATS, THE TWO MEN — THE SHERIFF AND THE GAMBLER-SLUG IT OUT, TOE TO TOE, NEITHER BACKING DOWN AN INCH, EACH FIGHTING WITH COLD FURY!
AND THEN, THE SHERIFF LANDS A POWERFUL ROUND-HOUSE BACKED BY EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH AND MUSCLE IN HIS SUPPLE BODY..
THERE, GAMBLER! THAT'LL HOLD *YOU* FOR A WHILE!
WHAM!
ON YOUR FEET, GAMBLER! HEAD FER THE SUN AN' DON'T LET ME CATCH SIGHT OF YOU AGAIN!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL GO!
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, THE GAMBLER WALKS THROUGH THE SWINGING DOORS OF THE SALOON!
THAR GOES A ***BAD*** ONE, SHERIFF!
NOPE! YOU'RE ***WRONG! HE*** ISN'T BAD! ***MEAN*** MEBBE! ***BITTER!*** HIS HEART'S TURNED TO STONE! BUT HE ISN'T BAD! NOBODY THAT CAN STAND UP AND FIGHT THE WAY HE DOES IS BAD! HE JUST NEEDS STRAIGHTENIN' OUT!
THEN...
THE ***STAGE*** IS A-COMIN'! SHE'S ROLLIN' AROUND THE BEND!
YAHOO! LET'S GIT OUT AN' MEET IT!

RECKON I'LL HANG AROUND AND SEE WHAT THE *STAGE* BRINGS TO TOWN! NEVER CAN TELL *WHO'LL* ROLL IN!
HOWDY, JEFF! ANYTHIN' *INTERESTIN'* GETTIN' OFF HERE?
NOT ONLY *INTERESTIN'*, SHERIFF, BUT *MIGHTY PURTY!*
THE STAGE COACH DOOR OPENS, AND OUT STEPS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, WHOSE DRESS, FACE, AND MANNER IS AS MUCH OUT OF PLACE IN THIS CRUDE FRONTIER TOWN AS A SWAN AMONG A FLOCK OF CROWS...
I...I...BEG YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN! DO ANY OF YOU KNOW *TOD HASKELL?* HE SHOULD HAVE MET ME HERE! I WIRED HIM!
HE AIN'T ON TAP, LADY! BUT WON'T *I* DO?
THAR, I'LL SLAP YORE WRIST, WEARY! YER JEST A *BIG, IGNORANT BRUTE!*
OH, *PLEASE*, I--PLEASE--
COME OFF IT, GIRLIE! WE DON'T GO FOR NO HIGH-TONED DANCIN' GALS! JEST YOU ACT NACHERAL!
COME ON, GAL! LET'S YOU AN' ME HAVE A *LONG TALK!*
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!
GET YOUR DIRTY PAWS OFF THAT GAL!
CRACK!
GIT, THE WHOLE KIT AN' KABOODLE OF YOU, OR I'LL *BREAK* EVERY *BONE* IN YOUR *MANGY HIDES!* NOW *GIT!*
WE'RE ON OUR WAY, SHERIFF!

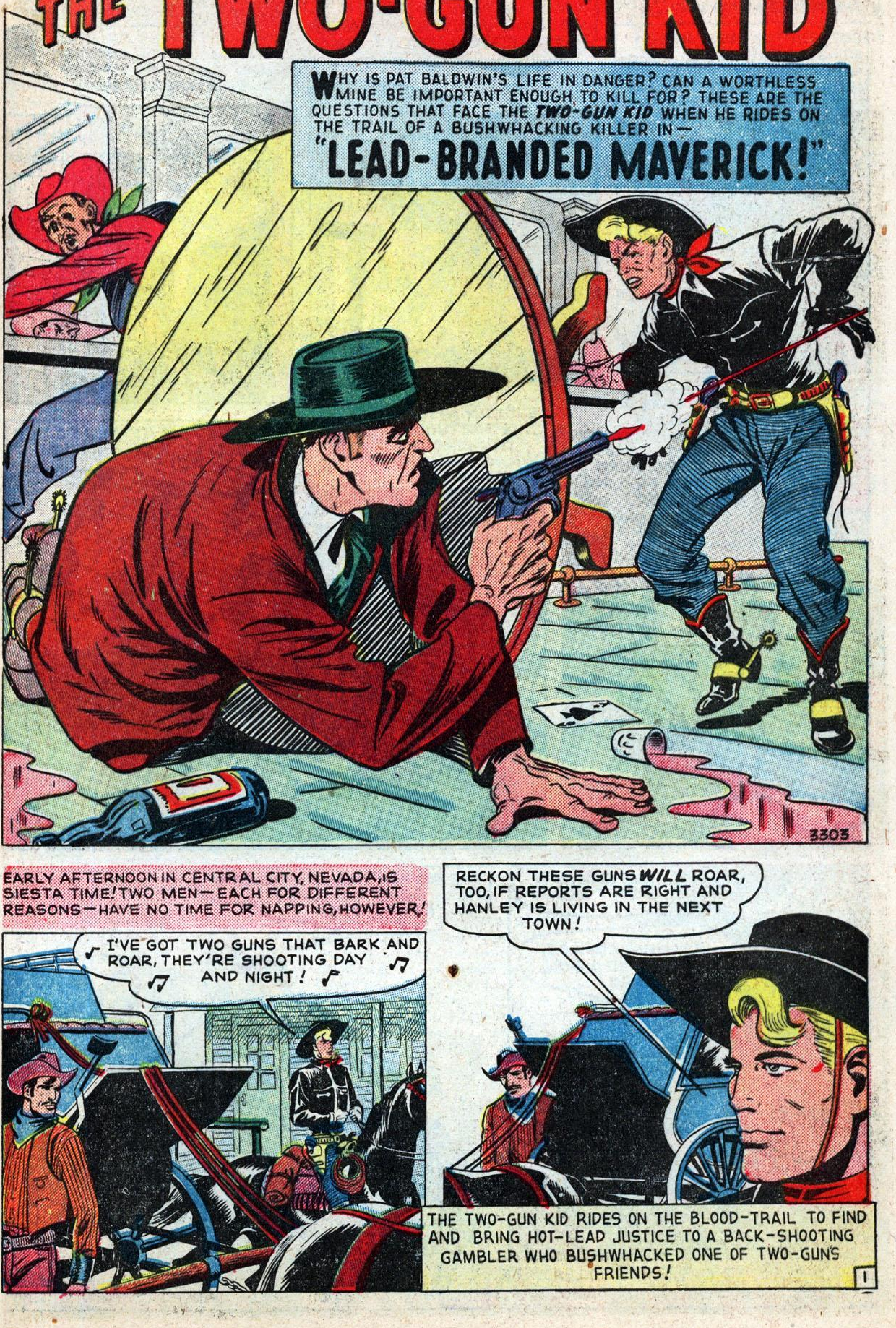
THEY WON'T BE BOTHERIN' YOU ANY MORE, MISS! MEBBE I CAN BE OF HELP! WHAT BRINGS *YOU* HERE?
I'M TO MEET MY **FIANCÉ! TOD HASKELL** IS HIS NAME! I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE'S NOT HERE! I INFORMED HIM THAT I WAS COMING!
SO *YOU'RE* TOD'S GAL, EH? WELL, NOW AREN'T YOU THE PRETTY ONE? TOD JUST LEFT TOWN THIS MORNIN'...ON... UH...URGENT BUSINESS! BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO HEAD HIM OFF! MEANWHILE, YOU COME ALONG WITH ME! WE'LL FIND A PLACE TO PUT YOU UP!
TOD LEFT BOSTON UNDER A CLOUD! HE WAS ACCUSED OF ***STEALING MONEY*** FROM MY DAD'S BANK BUT THAT'S ALL CLEARED UP NOW! THE ***REAL*** CULPRIT CONFESSED AND NOW TOD CAN COME HOME AND WE'LL BE MARRIED!
WELL, MISS, THAT SOUNDS MIGHTY FINE! BUT YOU HAVE TO EXPECT A FEW CHANGES IN TOD! LIVIN' HERE, **DOES** SOMETHIN' TO A MAN, AN' YOU'LL FIND HIM A DIFFERENT FELLER!
TO ME, TOD WILL ***NEVER*** CHANGE! HE'LL ***ALWAYS*** BE THE ***SWEET, GENTLE*** BOY I FELL IN LOVE WITH! AND IT WAS BECAUSE HE DIDN'T WANT TO HURT ***ME*** THAT HE FLED FROM BOSTON! HE THOUGHT THAT BY LEAVING, HE'D SPARE ME THE DISGRACE AND UNPLEASANTNESS OF A PUBLIC TRIAL!
I RECKON HE SHOULD'VE STUCK IT OUT, BUT WHAT A MAN DOES IS HIS ***OWN*** BUSINESS! THIS IS OUR SCHOOLMARM'S HOUSE! SHE'LL BE ABLE TO PUT YOU UP! THERE'S NOT A DECENT HOTEL IN TOWN!
YOU ARE VERY KIND, SHERIFF!
MIZ' HAWKINS, THIS LITTLE GAL NEEDS A BED AN' SOME OF YOUR COOKIN'! SHE'S TOD HASKELL'S ***FIANCÉE*** FROM OUT BOSTON WAY!
COME IN, DEAR! COME IN! YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME! WHAT'S YOUR NAME? YOU CAN CALL ME MARY!
LYDIA! LYDIA TALBOT, AND—AND... THANK YOU! YOU'RE BOTH WONDERFUL!
NOW, MIZ TALBOT, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I RECKON I'LL BE ABLE TO ROUND UP HASKELL! I'LL BE LEAVIN' NOW!

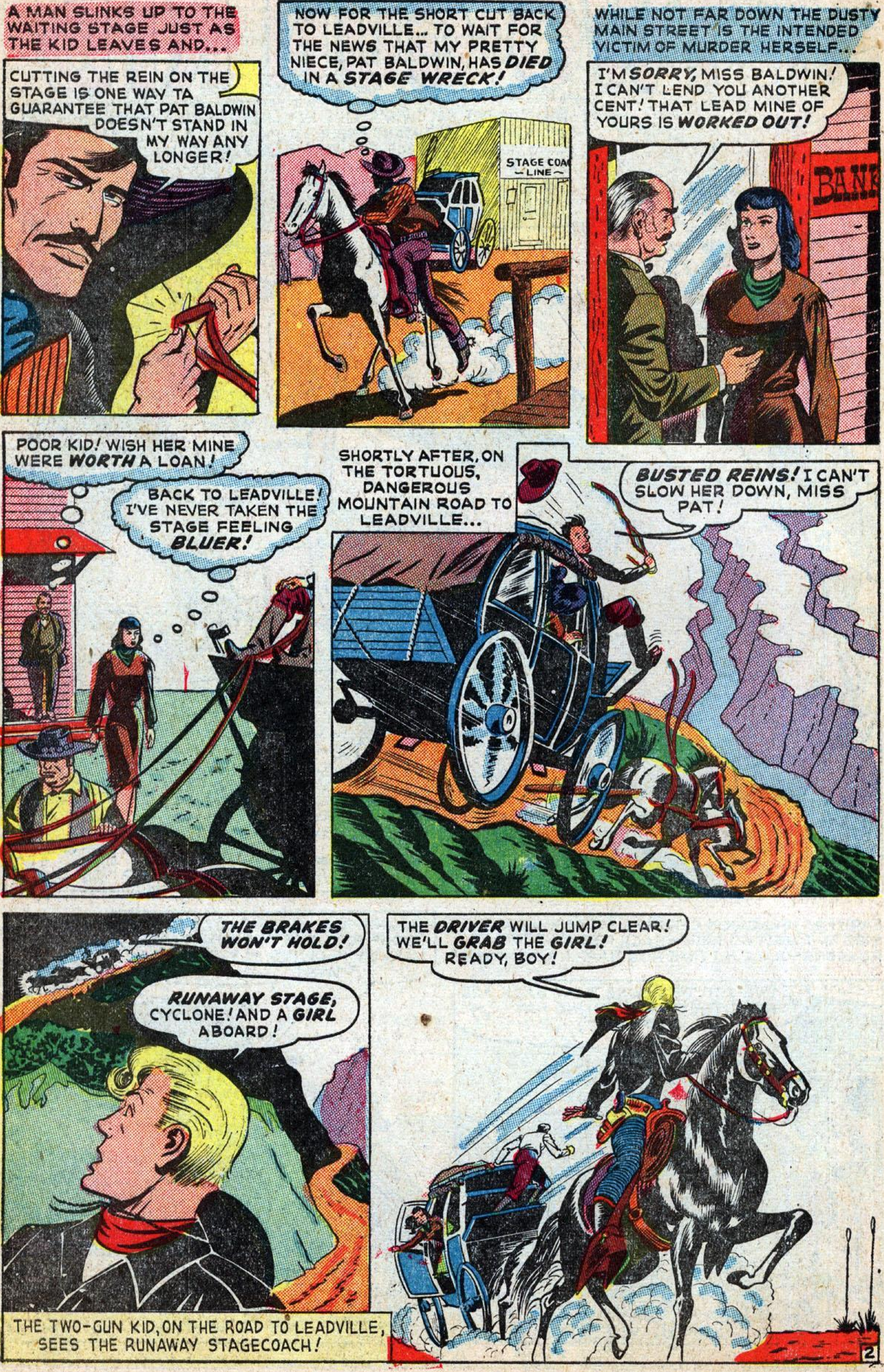
WITH HIS EXPERT TRACKER'S EYES, THE SHERIFF PICKS UP THE GAMBLER'S TRAIL WITHOUT ANY DIFFICULTY!
RECKON HE'S HEADIN' FOR THE HILLS! BUT HE'LL MAKE CAMP AFORE GOIN' INTO 'EM! HE'S NOT FAR AWAY!
AND AS DUSK CLOSES IN, THE GAMBLER SITS BY HIS LONELY BIVOUAC FIRE, BROODING, WRESTLING WITH HIS UNHAPPINESS!
LYDIA, DARLING LYDIA! I MISS YOU! WHEN THE WIRE CAME THIS MORNING I THOUGHT I'D DIE FOR JOY! BUT HOW CAN I FACE YOU? AN ACCUSED THIEF, AND NOW A GAMBLER, A KILLER, AN OUTCAST!
. AHEM!
WHO'S THAT? DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, OR I'LL ***KILL*** YOU!
YOUR KILLIN' DAYS ARE ***OVER***, HASKELL! DON'T DRAW, OR I'LL PUT A BULLET IN YOU! JUST RAISE YOUR HANDS AN' LISTEN TO ME!
YOU'RE COMIN' BACK WITH ME, HASKELL!
YOU DROVE ME OUT OF TOWN! WHY DO YOU WANT ME TO GO ***BACK?***
BECAUSE THAT ***GAL*** OF YOURS IS HERE! SHE WANTS TO SEE YOU! SHE ***LOVES*** YOU, AN' YOU AREN'T GOIN' TO HURT ***HER OR YOURSELF*** ANY MORE!
AREN'T YOU STEPPING BEYOND YOUR ***DUTY***, SHERIFF? YOU'RE NOT A MISSIONARY, YOU KNOW! I ***WON'T*** GO BACK WITH YOU!
MISTER, I SAY YOU ***ARE*** GOIN' BACK, AN' THIS IS ONE WAY OF ***CONVINCIN'*** YOU!
WOK!

LATER... TRUE TO HIS WORD, THE SHERIFF BRINGS TOD BACK...
NOW LISTEN, SON! IF YOU DON'T WANT ANOTHER RAP, YOU'LL TALK TO THAT GAL!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL HER WHAT I HAVE TO! THERE'S NO USE, I SUPPOSE! I CAN'T KEEP RUNNING FOREVER!
TOD! TOD DARLING!
LISTEN, LYDIA! I'LL SAY IT RIGHT OUT HERE IN FRONT OF THESE PEOPLE! WE'RE THROUGH! WASHED UP! I'VE TURNED BAD OUT HERE! I'M A GAMBLER! AND I KNOW WHAT IT IS TO KILL--FORGET ME! BESIDES, I'M A THIEF, REMEMBER?
TOD, YOU'RE NOT A THIEF! THE REAL CULPRIT CONFESSED! DAD SENT ME HERE TO GET YOU! HE HAD PRIVATE DETECTIVES TRACE YOU! PLEASE, DARLING, COME HOME! I LOVE YOU!
ARE YOU QUITE THROUGH, LYDIA? I'M NOT GOING BACK! THIS IS ALL A TRICK! ALL RIGHT, LAWMAN, YOU BROUGHT ME HERE! I DID WHAT I PROMISED! NOW LET ME GO!
YOU AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE, MISTER! YER UNDER ARREST FOR RESISTIN' AN OFFICER! COME ALONG!
THERE, THERE, DEAR! DON'T CRY! SOME-HOW THIS WILL WORK OUT!
HE-HE DOESN'T WANT ME! HE DOESN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE!
AND AT THE LOCAL JAIL...
JUST COOL YOUR HEELS IN THE CELL, MISTER! TOMORROW MORNIN' WE'LL BE HOLDIN' A LITTLE TRIAL FOR YOU, AN' AFTER THAT--WELL, YOU GUESS!
I KNOW THE TRIALS! THEY'RE A FARCE! I'LL BE GUEST OF HONOR AT A NECKTIE PARTY!
AFTER THE SHERIFF GOES, AND THE JAIL IS SURROUNDED IN A PALL OF SILENCE, THE BRAVADO FADES... AND THE GAMBLER GIVES WAY TO HIS TRUE FEELINGS...
THIS IS THE BEST WAY, LYDIA! THE BEST WAY! FORGIVE ME, DARLING! FORGIVE ME!


EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE PRISONER IS RUDELY AWAKENED!
GET UP! DON'T TRY NOTHIN', MISTER! THE JURY'S MET AN' YOUR FATE IS SEALED! C'MON, GIT A MOVE ON!
LEAST I CAN DO FOR YOU IS NOT TO PUT CUFFS ON YOUR WRISTS! BUT YOU MAKE ONE ORNERY MOVE AND I'LL SHACKLE YOU WITH LEG IRONS AND CUFFS!
SO I DON'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO TESTIFY IN MY OWN DEFENSE, EH? LYNCH LAW IN OPERATION!
COME IN! COME RIGHT IN! EVERYTHING'S READY!
WHAT IS THIS? WHY ARE WE HERE?
SHUT UP AN' MOSEY ALONG BEFORE I LOSE MY PATIENCE!
BUT ONE SURPRISE FOLLOWS ANOTHER FOR THE GAMBLER...
LYDIA! WHAT-WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, SON! NOTHIN' UNUSUAL-YOU'RE GETTIN' MARRIED, THAT'S ALL! TEX, JUST PLANT YOUR BACK AGAINST THE DOOR IN CASE HE GETS ANY IDEAS!
MARRIED? BUT, LYDIA, I TOLD YOU WHY IT WOULD BE WRONG!
IT CAN'T BE WRONG, DEAR! I LOVE YOU!
GUESS THERE ISN'T MUCH I CAN DO ABOUT IT, IS THERE, SHERIFF?
NO, SON, THERE ISN'T! AN' YOU'RE GETTIN' A FINE GAL! BY THE WAY, I WIRED THE BOSTON POLICE LAST NIGHT! GOT THE ANSWER THIS MORNIN'! YOU'RE COMPLETELY CLEARED OF THE ROBBERY CHARGE! AN' I'M NOT PRESSIN' THE CHARGE I HELD YOU ON!
8
THE WEDDING OVER, TOD AND LYDIA LEAVE ON THE MORNING STAGE TO CATCH THE TRAIN HEADING BACK EAST!
BEFORE WE GO, SHERIFF, THANKS... AND-AND HERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO GIVE YOU!
GIVE ME, SON? YOU DON'T HAVE TO GIVE ME ANYTHING!
HERE'S MY DERRINGER AND PLAYING CARDS! I WON'T NEED THEM ANY MORE! THEY DON'T APPROVE OF BANK VICE-PRESIDENTS GAMBLING!
THE END

THE TWO-GUN KID


WHY IS PAT BALDWIN'S LIFE IN DANGER? CAN A WORTHLESS MINE BE IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO KILL FOR? THESE ARE THE QUESTIONS THAT FACE THE *TWO-GUN KID* WHEN HE RIDES ON THE TRAIL OF A BUSHWHACKING KILLER IN—
"LEAD-BRANDED MAVERICK!"
3303
EARLY AFTERNOON IN CENTRAL CITY, NEVADA, IS SIESTA TIME! TWO MEN—EACH FOR DIFFERENT REASONS—HAVE NO TIME FOR NAPPING, HOWEVER!
♪ I'VE GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ROAR, THEY'RE SHOOTING DAY AND NIGHT! ♪
RECKON THESE GUNS *WILL* ROAR, TOO, IF REPORTS ARE RIGHT AND HANLEY IS LIVING IN THE NEXT TOWN!
THE TWO-GUN KID RIDES ON THE BLOOD-TRAIL TO FIND AND BRING HOT-LEAD JUSTICE TO A BACK-SHOOTING GAMBLER WHO BUSHWHACKED ONE OF TWO-GUN'S FRIENDS!
1


A MAN SLINKS UP TO THE WAITING STAGE JUST AS THE KID LEAVES AND...
CUTTING THE REIN ON THE STAGE IS ONE WAY TA GUARANTEE THAT PAT BALDWIN DOESN'T STAND IN MY WAY ANY LONGER!
NOW FOR THE SHORT CUT BACK TO LEADVILLE... TO WAIT FOR THE NEWS THAT MY PRETTY NIECE, PAT BALDWIN, HAS DIED IN A STAGE WRECK!
STAGE COACH LINE
WHILE NOT FAR DOWN THE DUSTY MAIN STREET IS THE INTENDED VICTIM OF MURDER HERSELF...
I'M SORRY, MISS BALDWIN! I CAN'T LEND YOU ANOTHER CENT! THAT LEAD MINE OF YOURS IS WORKED OUT!
BANK
POOR KID! WISH HER MINE WERE WORTH A LOAN!
BACK TO LEADVILLE! I'VE NEVER TAKEN THE STAGE FEELING BLUER!
SHORTLY AFTER, ON THE TORTUOUS, DANGEROUS MOUNTAIN ROAD TO LEADVILLE...
BUSTED REINS! I CAN'T SLOW HER DOWN, MISS PAT!
THE BRAKES WON'T HOLD!
RUNAWAY STAGE, CYCLONE! AND A GIRL ABOARD!
THE TWO-GUN KID, ON THE ROAD TO LEADVILLE, SEES THE RUNAWAY STAGECOACH!
THE DRIVER WILL JUMP CLEAR! WE'LL GRAB THE GIRL! READY, BOY!

]

JUMP!
YOU-YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE!
AND SECONDS LATER, THE RUNAWAY COACH HURTLES OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF!
IT-IT'S THE TWO-GUN KID!!! WHAT A BREAK FOR US!
MISS PAT, YOU SURE ARE A *LUCKY* LASS THAT THE TWO-GUN KID WAS HEADIN' OUR WAY!
MAYBE MY LUCK IS *CHANGING!* IT'S BEEN ALL *BAD* LATELY!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEM REINS BROKE! THEY WERE *NEW* THIS SPRING!
HAVING A SPELL OF BAD LUCK, ARE YOU?
AFRAID SO, KID! FIRST DAD *DIED!* THEN THE MINE HE LEFT ME *FAILED* COMPLETELY! WITHOUT A LOT OF EXPENSIVE MACHINERY, WE CAN'T MAKE IT *PAY!*
MY UNCLE, GEORGE BALDWIN, SAID IT WOULD TAKE *150 THOUSAND* TO OPEN A NEW VEIN! AND I CAN'T RAISE MORE THAN *FIVE* THOUSAND DOLLARS!
SURE IS A *SHAME!* I HEARD YOUR MINE WAS ONCE THE BEST LITTLE BUSINESS IN THESE *PARTS!*
LATER, IN THE ONE-SALOON TOWN OF LEADVILLE WHICH IS SOON DESTINED TO BE THE SCENE OF SO MUCH EXCITEMENT...
PAT, IT'S *YOU!*
UNCLE GEORGE, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE TWO-GUN KID RESCUING ME FROM A RUNAWAY STAGE, I WOULDN'T BE *ALIVE!*

LET ME SHAKE THE HAND OF THE MAN WHO **SAVED** MY BROTHER'S DAUGHTER— AND BUY HIM A DRINK!
I KINDA GET THE IDEA YOU'RE NOT SO **PLEASED** TO SEE YOUR BROTHER'S DAUGHTER **ALIVE!**
SALOON
JACK HANLEY, THE COYOTE I'VE EATEN SO MUCH DESERT DUST TO FIND—AND **KILL!**
THE TWO-GUN KID!
FACING MY GUNS IS A MIGHT MORE DANGEROUS THAN SHOOTING A MAN IN THE **BACK!**
STOP, KID!
HE'S WORKING FOR MISS PAT AND ME! MAYBE YOU BOYS COULD TALK THIS OVER!
SURE! MAYBE WE COULD BE CIVILIZED IF THE KID WOULD TALK WITH SOMETHING BESIDES **LEAD** FOR A CHANGE!
I RECKON BALDWIN SAVED YOUR SKIN, HANLEY—FOR THE **TIME BEING!** BUT AFTER DARK I'M GOING TO **KILL** YOU IF YOU AREN'T **OUT** OF THIS TOWN!
THAT'S RIGHT **GENEROUS** OF YOU, KID! I'LL SEE THAT HE LEAVES TOWN!
RECKON I JUST GOT AN IDEA WORTH A **MILLION** SILVER DOLLARS—WHICH OUGHT TO **WORK OUT** JUST ABOUT **DARK** WHEN I'M **SUPPOSED** TO BE **LEAVING TOWN!**
BALDWIN FIGURES HE CAN INHERIT PAT'S MINE BY **KILLING** HER! BUT **I** FIGURE I CAN GET THAT MINE BY **MARRYING** HER—AND LETTING THE **KID** KILL **BALDWIN!**

THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE NEW MOON IS HIGH...
WHEN YOU SING LIKE THAT, YOU DON'T SEEM LIKE THE DANGEROUS MAN PEOPLE KNOW AS THE TWO-GUN KID!
MESSAGE FOR YOU, SENOR!
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW THAT VERMIN, HANLEY, WOULD BEG FOR A FUNERAL! THIS NOTE DEFIES ME TO MEET HIM IN FRONT OF THE NEW MOON SALOON FOR A SHOOT OUT!
SHOOTING, KILLING- IT'S HORRIBLE!
MINUTES LATER...
I SWORE TO DO JUSTICE, EVEN IF I HAD TO MAKE A PRETTY WOMAN MAD! NOBODY DESERVES JUSTICE MORE THAN HANLEY!
SEEMS KIND OF FUNNY, THOUGH, FOR A COYOTE TO FIGHT WITH THE ODDS AGAINST HIM! MIGHT BE AN AMBUSH- THOSE SHADOWS!
UNKNOWN TO THE KID, PAT'S UNCLE BALDWIN HAD RECEIVED A NOTE SIGNED "THE TWO-GUN KID!"
I SEE YOU IN THE SHADOWS, HANLEY, YOU BUSHWHACKIN' COYOTE! TAKE THAT!
BANG! BANG!
IT'S PAT'S UNCLE—BALDWIN!
YOU'VE KILLED HIM— UNCLE GEORGE!
KILLING! ALWAYS KILLING! AND THIS TIME AN INNOCENT PERSON!
THE KID-- KILLING UNARMED MEN IN LEADVILLE!
GETTING STRUNG-UP WON'T HELP MAKE THIS KILLING RIGHT WITH BALDWIN!
♪ WHEE-T! ♪
5

HANLEY MUST HAVE COAXED BALDWIN OUT THERE TO GET HIM KILLED! BUT WHAT I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT IS WHY HANLEY WANTED BALDWIN KILLED!
BANG!
THE MIGHTY BLACK STALLION THUNDERS AWAY, HEADING FOR THE BALDWIN MINE!
MAYBE THE ANSWER LIES IN THE LEAD MINE ITSELF! MAYBE THE MINE ISN'T WORKED OUT AS MUCH AS PAT BALDWIN THINKS!
RECKON I KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT ASSAYING TO TEST THIS PIECE OF ORE—ROCK FROM WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE MOST RECENT MINING SPUR!
LATER, IN THE MINERALOGY LAB OF THE BALDWIN LEAD MINE...
GALLOPING BUFFALO! THIS ORE CONTAINS SILVER! LOOKS LIKE A RICH DEPOSIT, TOO!
CREAK!
PAT BALDWIN!
YOU—THE BRAGGING, SWAGGERING, HEARTLESS KILLER OF PEACEFUL MEN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE LAB POOR UNCLE GEORGE USED TO OPERATE?
HOLD ON, MISS PAT! I'M FINDING OUT WHAT YOUR UNCLE SHOULD HAVE FOUND OUT HIMSELF IF HE WAS PAYING ATTENTION TO HIS BUSINESS!
OH! YOU KILL A MAN! AND NOW YOU'RE ACCUSING HIM OF CARELESSNESS IN HIS JOB!
MISS PAT, THIS IS ONE OF THE RICHEST SILVER ORES I'VE EVER SEEN!
MIGHTY SMART HOMBRE, KID! TOO SMART TO LIVE!

PAT'S UNCLE WASN'T CARELESS AT ALL, KID! HE **KNEW** ABOUT THIS SILVER! AND FROM WHAT I HEAR, HE TRIED TO KILL PAT TODAY TO ***INHERIT*** THE MINE!
OH!
PERSONALLY, ***I*** WAS GOING TO ***MARRY*** PAT AND GET THE MINE ***THAT*** WAY! BUT NOW I RECKON I GOT TO KILL ***BOTH*** OF YOU AND TRY TO RAISE THE MONEY TO BUY THIS MINE CHEAP!
FIRST YOU HAVE TO GET RID OF ***ME!*** IT WON'T BE AS EASY AS TRICKING ME INTO SHOOTING GEORGE BALDWIN!
SWISH!
THE KID'S HAND FLASHES OUT, KNOCKING THE CANDLE TO THE FLOOR, AND THE ROOM IS BLANKETED IN ELECTRIFYING GLOOM!
BANG!
BANG!
IN THE QUICK DARKNESS, GUNS BLAST AND FLAMING LEAD LANCES ITS WHINING DEATH CALL, IN A DEADLY CRISSCROSS!
A TENSE MOMENT LATER...
NOT A BAD SHOT IN THE DARK! LEAD ***RIGHT*** BETWEEN THE ***EYES!***
WE BOTH MIGHT HAVE BEEN SHOT BY ***HIM!*** THAT MAKES THE ***SECOND*** TIME TODAY YOU'VE SAVED ME, KID!
SOME TIME LATER, UNDER A MOON THAT HAS NEVER BEEN SO SILVERY...
I'VE GOT TWO GUNS THAT BARK AND ♪ ROAR... ♫ ♪
JUST LIKE I ALWAYS ***HEARD*** HE WAS—HE NEVER STAYS AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO REALLY GET WARMED UP IN HIS SINGING!
THE END

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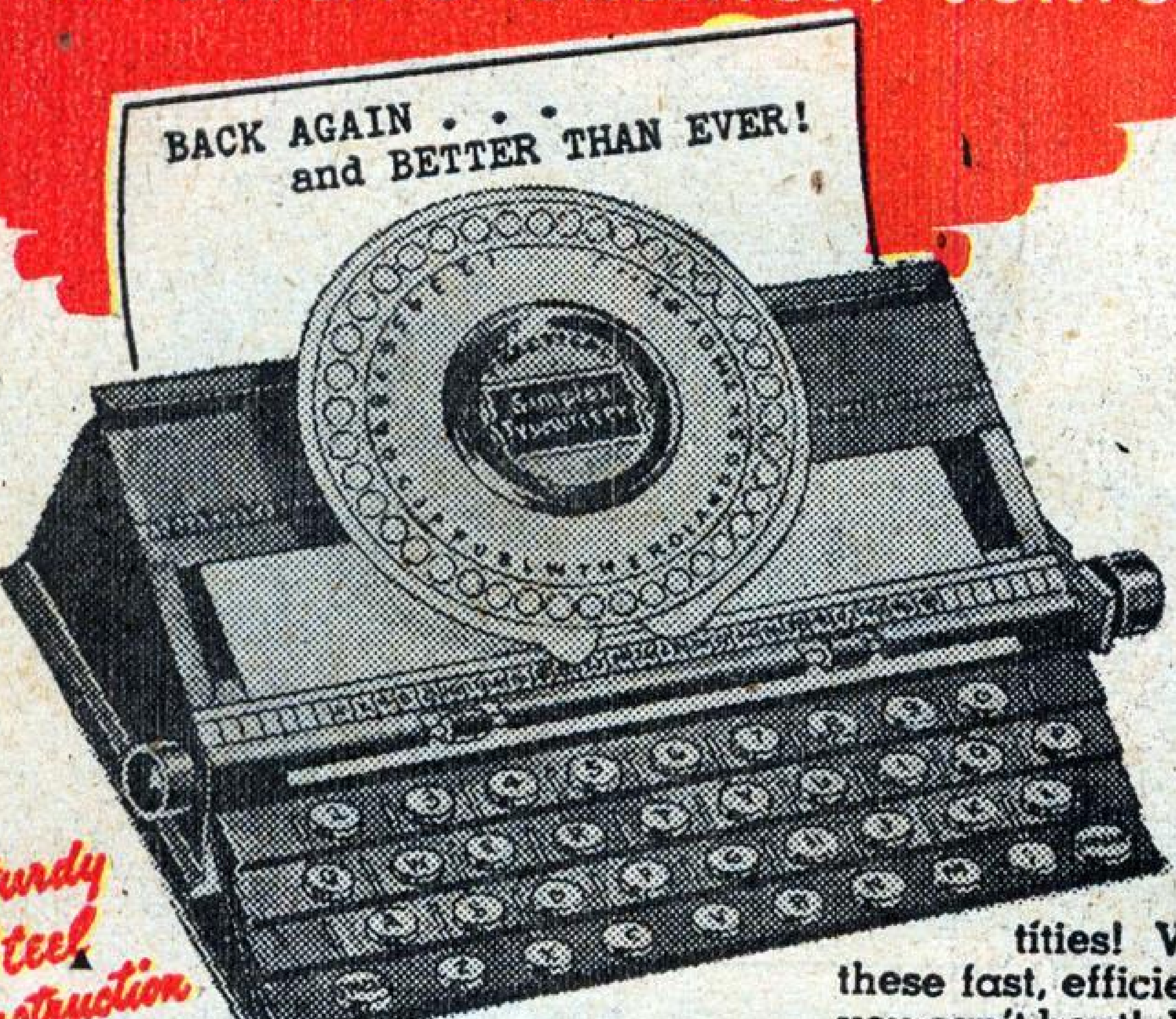

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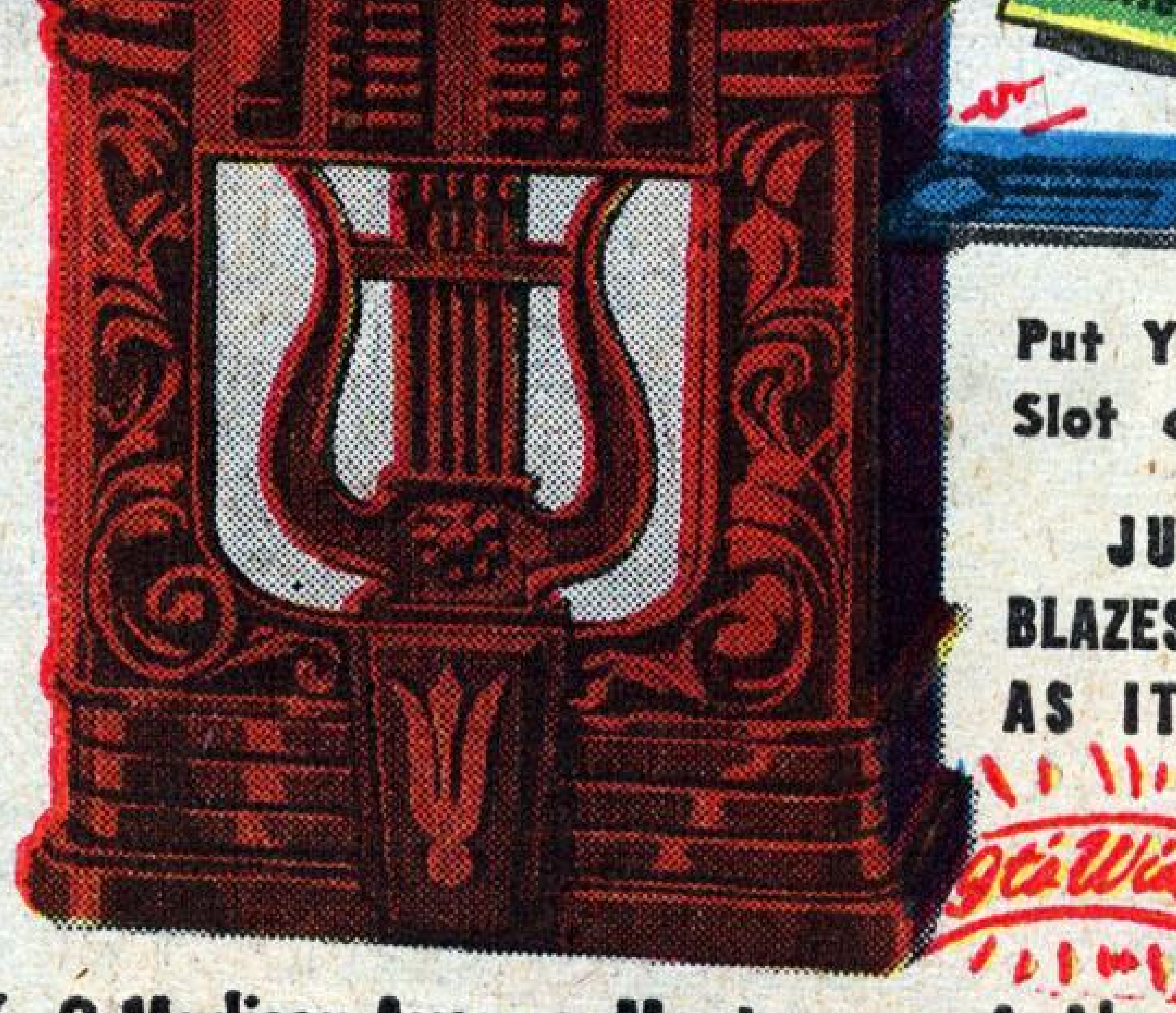

It's Wise To Be Thrifty

$1.98 Post Paid
Complete With Battery & Bulb

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneful Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only $1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and **we** pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.

Put Your Coins in Slot and Press-in!

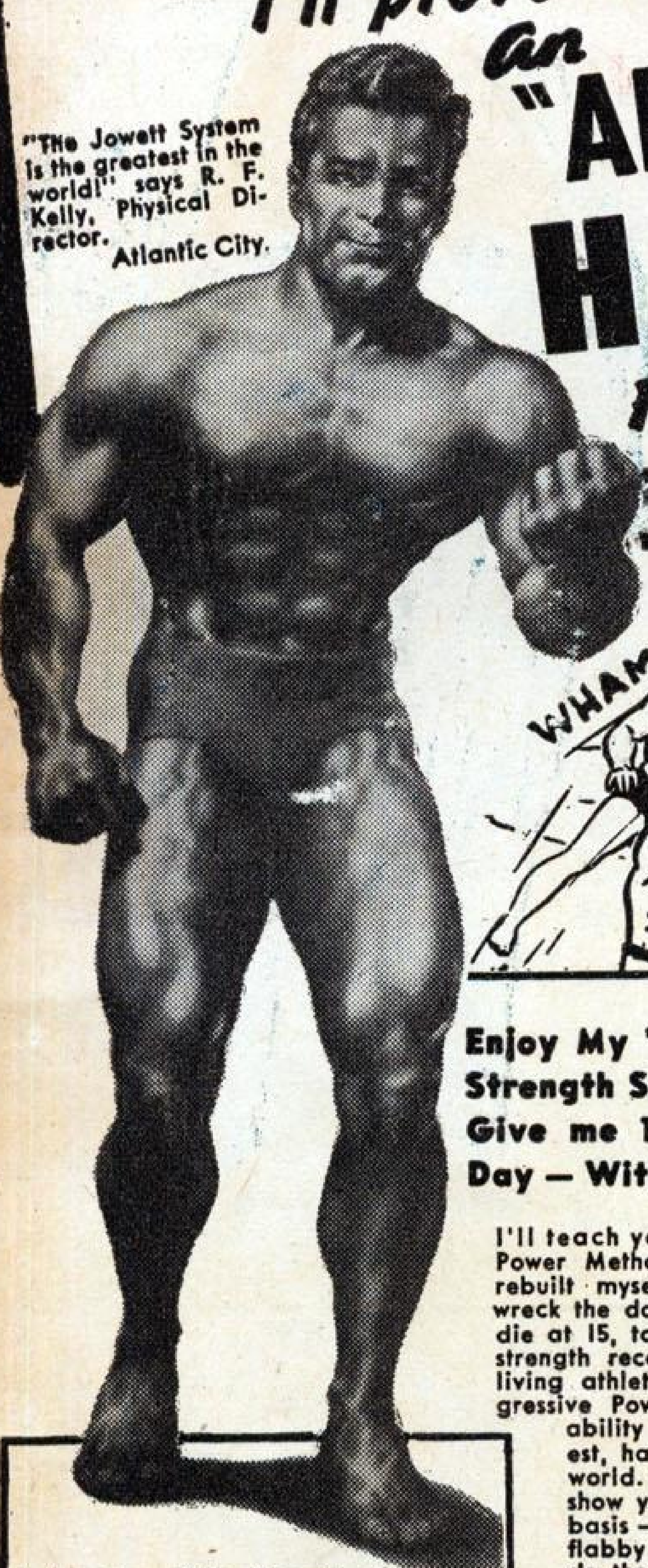
JUKE BOX BLAZES WITH LIGHT AS IT FLASHES:

It's Wise to be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB50

Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make *YOU* an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

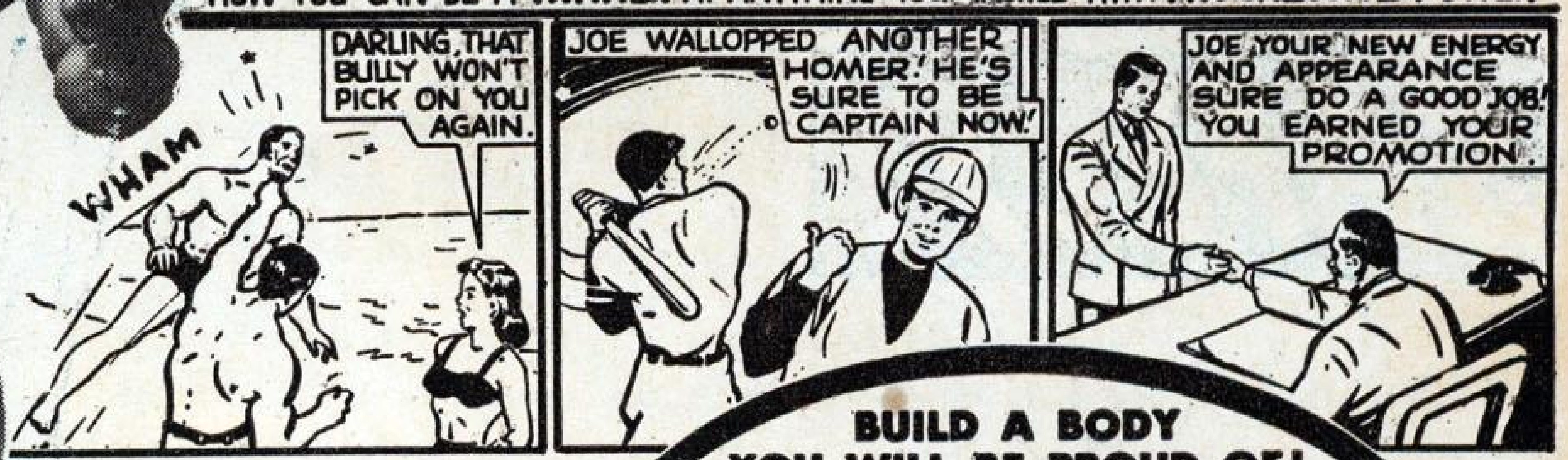


"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director. Atlantic City.

Now ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES in 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING Volume For only 25¢

PLUS MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN! FREE!

HOW YOU CAN BE A *WINNER* AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH *PROGRESSIVE POWER*


DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN.
WHAM
JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER HOMER. HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!
JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION.

Enjoy My "Progressive Power" Strength Secrets!
Give me 10 Easy Minutes a Day — Without Strain!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis — that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back — in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

Just a Few of the Records of
George F. Jowett
whom experts call the "Champion of Champions"

- World's welter weight wrestling champion at 17
- World's weight lifting champion at 19
- Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world.
- Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body . . . plus many, many other world records!

BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!

I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!

So Get Now My 5 (Valued at $5 each) Muscle Building Courses All in 1 great complete volume FOR ONLY 25¢

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!

At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication at the "get-acquainted", extremely low price of only 25c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!

HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
How to BECOME A MUSCULAR HE-MAN
with these 5 Complete Courses on Molding
1. A Mighty Arm
2. A Mighty Grip
3. A Mighty Chest
4. A Mighty Back
5. Mighty Legs

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This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

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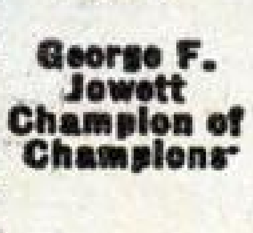

George F. Jowett Champion of Champions

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Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscle He-Man". Enclosed find 25c. NO C.O.D'S.

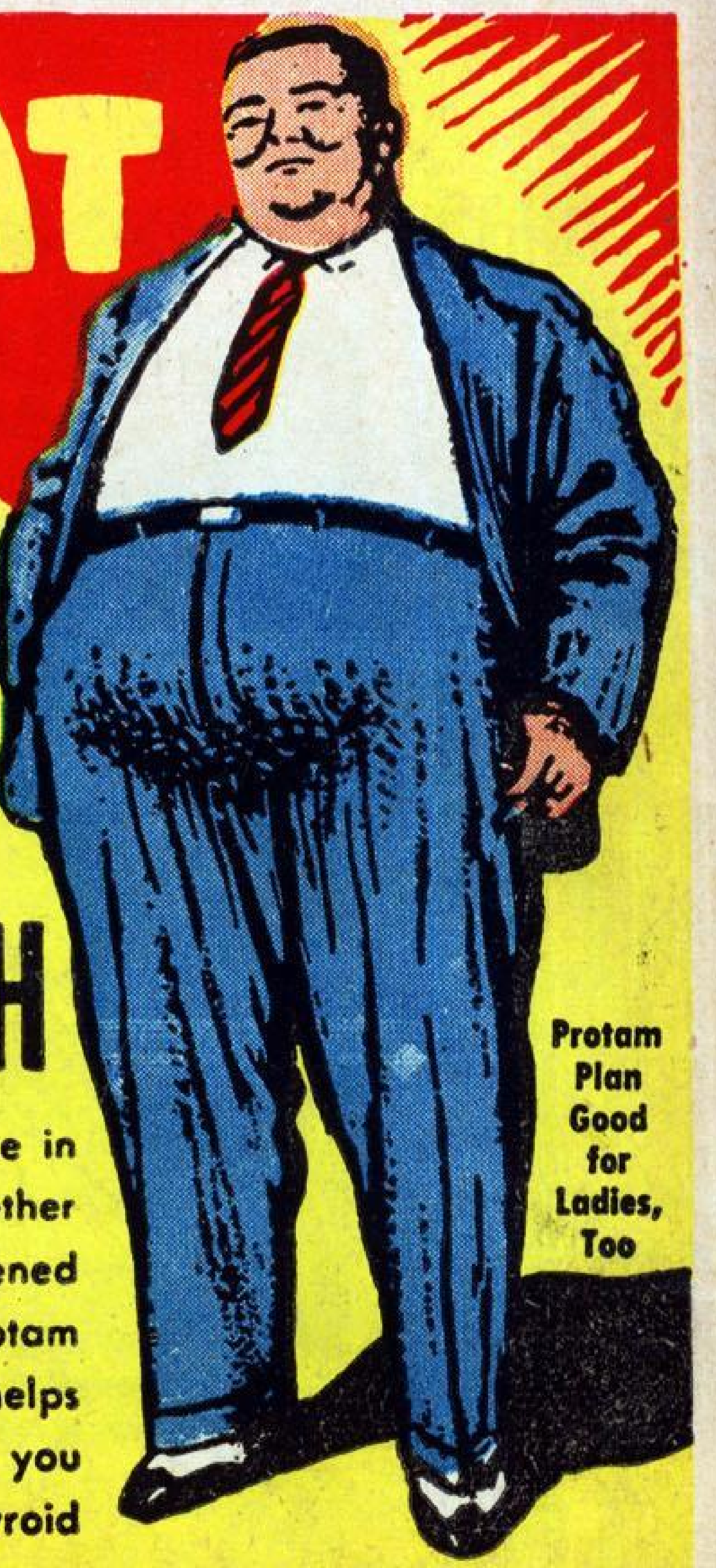
NAME________________________ AGE______
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS________________________

MEN! DON'T STAY FAT

You CAN LOSE UP TO 7 POUNDS IN ONE WEEK

SAFELY! WITHOUT RISKING HEALTH



Protam Plan Good for Ladies, Too

NO DRUGS
NO STARVATION
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NO MASSAGE
NOTHING TO WEAR

LOSE UGLY FAT NOW . . . Notice the difference in POUNDS and INCHES the very first week, whether Overweight 10 or 100 Pounds . . . even if burdened with Fat for many years (illness excepted). The Protam Plan controls weight . . . once down to normal, it helps retain your new "athlete's waistline" as long as you like . . . NOT A TEMPORARY LOSS. Protam is not a Drug, Laxative or Thyroid . . . absolutely Harmless . . . Is Good For You.

REDUCE WITHIN 10 DAYS OR MONEY REFUNDED

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